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ART. I. — *Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the more Northern Coasts of America, from the earliest Period to the present Time.* By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq. R. S. and F. S. A.; with descriptive Sketches of the Natural History of the North American Regions. By JAMES WILSON, Esq. F. R. S. E. and M. W. S. To which is added an Appendix, containing Remarks on a late Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, with a Vindication of Richard Hakluyt. Illustrated by a Map and nine Engravings. New York: J. & J. Harper, 1833. 18mo. pp. 360.

THIS volume constitutes the fiftythird number of Harpers' Family Library, and is a valuable addition to that collection. From the first discovery of the Western continent in 1497, to the present time, the spirit of adventure, of curiosity, of scientific investigation has been busy in searching out and bringing to light the various treasures that the new world possesses, and which she has in bountiful measure heaped upon those who have sought for them. Nor is this spirit yet sated. The ardor for discovery still exists, nor will it cease till geography and natural science have swept around the borders, and penetrated every corner, of the American continent.

Our object at present is not to notice that portion of the volume under review that sketches the natural history of the

northern regions of America, but briefly to touch upon the principal northern voyages and journeys of discovery, and to weigh the remarks contained in the Appendix, which calls in question the accuracy of some portions of the memoir of Sebastian Cabot, a work which, as our readers may recollect, was commended in a former number of our Review.*

In the early period of discovery, the desire to reach India by way of the Arctic Ocean and the northwest coast of America gave rise to several voyages, which were undertaken chiefly for the extension of commerce and for national aggrandizement. Although the solution of this long vexed question of a northwest passage, is probably given up, that is, for any really beneficial practical results to be answered by it, it is still pursued as a matter of geographical science, with all the intense interest that ardent and intellectual men manifest in endeavouring to penetrate a subject that has long been overshadowed with mysteries and that has constantly, thus far, failed of entire success.

The earliest voyages were undertaken by the Cabots; and for a brief account of them we refer our readers to the review of the memoir, which we have already mentioned. The Portuguese, who were as active and vigilant at that time, as they now are indolent and supine, followed close in the steps of the Cabots, and an expedition under Gaspar de Cortereal sailed from Lisbon in the year 1500, in search of the supposed new route to India. Cortereal touched upon the shores of Labrador and sailed along the coast some 600 or 700 miles. On his return to Europe this cruel commander took with him a number of the natives whom he had forcibly seized, and carried them to Portugal, where he sold them for slaves. In the following year he sailed with a second expedition, with the intent in part, there is reason to believe, to obtain a cargo of slaves, an object which the Portuguese monarch had in view when he engaged in the adventure; but Cortereal was never after heard of. Upon the first voyage of this commander, the Portuguese rest their claim to the discovery of Newfoundland, and have urged it through means dishonorable to themselves, though not with the success they expected. We refer those of our readers who are curious in these matters, and who wish to see a complete refutation of the Portuguese claims, to the memoir of Sebastian Cabot.

The voyage of Giovanni Verazzano, a Florentine, in 1524,

* April, 1832, pp. 269-282.

in command of an expedition fitted out by Francis I. of France, was of great interest, magnitude, and importance. He sailed along the whole of the Atlantic coast of the United States, together with a large portion of that of British America, examined many of the bays and rivers, landed in various places and held friendly intercourse with several of the Indian tribes. From the latitude laid down in Ramusio, it would seem that Verazzano landed in Massachusetts bay, and explored a portion of the interior of that state. To the whole region he visited he gave the name of New France. The voyages of Jaques Cartier, in 1534 and 1535, with two French ships, were attended with success. He was the first discoverer who penetrated the St Lawrence, and reached Hochelega, an Indian town on the banks of the river, near a lofty hill which the French called Mont Royal, a name which in lapse of time has passed by easy transition into Montreal. Cartier, on his passage down the river, forfeited the fair fame with which otherwise his name would have come down to us, by seizing several of the natives by whom he had been previously treated with great kindness and single hearted hospitality, and carrying them to France. The voyage of Sieur de Roberval in 1540, with a French fleet, was attended with no important results, on account of a difficulty between him and Cartier, who had been placed second in command, and who abandoned the expedition at Newfoundland and returned home. The second expedition, undertaken in 1549, sailed from France under flattering auspices, but it was never afterwards heard from.

During the remainder of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards, jealous of the efforts of the English and French to discover the northwest passage, fitted out several expeditions with the hope of finding an opening on the western coast of this continent. These were successively undertaken by Cortes, Ulloa, Alarchon, Coronado, Cabrillo, and Viscaino. They encountered many misfortunes from the hostility of the elements and of the natives, but succeeded in examining the coast with attention, explored the river Colorado, and proceeded as far north, it is supposed, as the mouth of Columbia river. An amusing incident is related by Alarchon, showing the ingenuity of the Spaniards and the credulity of the Indians whom he met in ascending the Colorado.

““ The Indian first desired to know what nation we were, and whence we came ? Whether we came out of the water, or in-

habited the earth, or had fallen from the heaven?" To this the admiral replied, that they were Christians, and came from far to see them, being sent by the sun, to which he pointed. 'After this introduction, the Indian,' continues Alarchon in his account of the voyage, 'began again to ask me how the sun had sent me, seeing he went aloft in the sky and never stood still, and for these many years neither they nor their oldest men had ever seen such as we were, and the sun till that hour had never sent any other. I answered him, it was true the sun pursued his course aloft in the sky, and never stood still, but nevertheless they might perceive that at his setting and rising he came near the earth, where his dwelling was, and that they always saw him come out of one place; and he had created me in that land whence he came, in the same way that he had made many others whom he sent into other parts; and now he had desired me to visit this same river, and the people who dwelt near it, that I might speak with them, and become their friend, and give them such things as they needed, and charge them not to make war against each other. On this he required me to tell them the cause why the sun had not sent me sooner to pacify the wars which had continued a long time among them, and wherein many had been slain. I told him the reason was that I was then but a child. He next inquired why we brought only one interpreter with us who comprehended our language, and wherefore we understood not all other men, seeing we were children of the sun? To which our interpreter answered, that the sun had also begotten him, and given him a language to understand him, his master the admiral, and others; the sun knew well that they dwelt there, but because that great light had many other businesses, and because his master was but young, he sent him no sooner. The Indian interpreter,' continues Alarchon, 'then turning to me, said suddenly, "Comest thou, therefore, to be our lord, and that we should serve thee?" To which I answered, I came not to be their lord, but rather their brother, and to give them such things as I had. He then inquired whether I was the sun's kinsman, or his child? To which I replied I was his son, but those who were with me, though all born in one country, were not his children; upon which he raised his voice loudly and said, "Seeing that thou doest us so much good, and dost not wish us to make war, and art the child of the sun, we will all receive thee for our lord, and always serve thee; therefore we pray thee not to depart hence and leave us." After which he suddenly turned to the people, and began to tell them that I was the child of the sun, and therefore they should all choose me for their lord.' The Indians appeared to be well pleased with this proposal, and assisted the Spaniards in their ascent of the river to the distance of eightyfive leagues." pp. 56, 57.

As the spirit of adventure began to decline among the Spaniards under the corrupting influence of the wealth they obtained from their conquests in America, the Russian nation, scarcely emerged from barbarism, suddenly presented itself in the hardy field of enterprise. Peter the Great determined to ascertain whether the continents of Asia and America were united, and had given orders for the prosecution of a voyage of discovery, which was interrupted for a short period by his untimely death. His successor Catherine, however, who followed out in so many respects his great designs, took a deep interest in the proposed enterprise, and gave early directions for pursuing the original plan of discovery. The command of the expedition was given to Captain Vitus Behring, and occupied from its commencement in 1725, when he left St Petersburg to proceed over land to the eastern coast of Asia, a period of more than five years. In the voyage Behring proceeded along the coast as far as sixtyseven degrees of north latitude, and satisfactorily ascertained that as high up as that parallel the two continents were separated. A second voyage was made up in 1741, and a part of the design was to stretch over to the American continent and follow the coast in a northerly direction; but the elements proved adverse; sickness broke out among the crew; they experienced severe hardships, and were compelled to pass the winter upon a desert island on the frigid and desolate coast of Kamtschatka. Here Behring, the commander, died, together with many of the men. Their vessel was wrecked, and those of the officers and crew who survived the calamities of the voyage, were scarcely able to preserve their lives during the inclemency of the season. On the return of summer they succeeded, after many disappointments, in constructing a small vessel from the wreck of the old one, and reached the continent. The place where they passed the winter was named after their gallant but unfortunate commander, Behring's Island.

In 1778, Captain Cook, in his last and most interesting voyage, reached the latitude of seventy degrees, twenty-nine seconds, north, on the western coast of America, and saw beyond, "a low headland, much encumbered with ice, to which he gave the name of Icy Cape, and which, till the recent discoveries of Captain Beechey, constituted the extreme limit of European discovery in that quarter of the globe." p. 79. — The season was then so far advanced that

he was obliged to return to the Sandwich Islands, where he was killed in the following winter. Captain Clerke, who succeeded him in command, endeavoured in the following summer to penetrate beyond Icy Cape; — but the fields of ice stretching across the passage prevented their further progress. Subsequent to the period of Cook, two voyages were undertaken by Captain Meares, at the instance and expense of “an association of the leading mercantile men in Bengal,” with the view of establishing a trade between China and the northwest coast of America. Meares examined the coast with considerable attention, and made good use of the opportunities he possessed of observing the character, manners, and customs of the natives. Of all these he has left a very pleasing account in his published voyages. We would fain quote from these interesting descriptions, but we feel obliged to commend our readers to the work itself.

Vancouver in 1790 explored the western coast of America from latitude fortyone to sixty degrees; and in 1816, Kotzebue was employed by Count Romanzoff, a scientific Russian nobleman, to continue the examination of the northwest coast of America. He proceeded as far north as the sixtyeighth degree of latitude, where he came to a broad opening which he hoped would prove to be the *northwest passage*, so long and so ardently sought by navigators. This opening he critically examined on every side, but found no outlet save one that probably connected it with Norton Sound. To the former he gave his own name, and completed his voyage without continuing his progress farther north. One other northwestern expedition only remains to be mentioned, which is that of Captain Beechey; but as this is closely connected with the land journey of Captain Franklin, we will postpone for the present our account of it.

The several journeys over land to the Arctic and Pacific Oceans for the purposes of discovery, which have been performed by men well accomplished for the purpose, possess an interest and are narrated with a spirit that secure the undivided attention of the reader. In 1772, Samuel Hearne, who was employed by the Hudson's Bay Company, succeeded in reaching over land the mouth of Coppermine River on the borders of the Arctic Ocean. This result was of great importance in the geography of America, as it dispelled the belief that this continent extends “in an almost unbroken mass towards the pole,” as it is depicted on the old maps.

Alexander Mackenzie, in 1789, followed up the discoveries of Hearne and traced the course of the noble river to which he gave his name, to its mouth, on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In a subsequent journey, after enduring the severest hardships and manifesting a spirit superior to every difficulty and danger, he reached the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and his "name is enduringly consecrated in the annals of discovery, as the first person who penetrated from sea to sea across the immense continent of North America." p. 149.

We have next in order a deeply interesting description of Captain Franklin's first expedition to the Arctic Ocean in 1820, and his second in 1825-7. In the first expedition the sufferings of the company were greater than fell to the lot of any of the previous discoverers. The thrilling interest of his narrative has probably been felt by most of our readers, while the abstract of it in the volume before us is given with much descriptive power. After reaching the mouth of the river Mackenzie in his second expedition, he followed along westward the southern shore of the Arctic Ocean, and reached the extreme point beyond which the short summer of those frozen regions would not permit him to venture in safety. From this point to the most northerly termination of Captain Beechey's voyage on the northwest coast of America, the distance is but about *one hundred and fortysix miles*; and this is the only portion of the northern coast of America towards the west that remains unexplored. Captain Beechey was despatched by the British government in May, 1825, to the Pacific Ocean to await the arrival of Captain Franklin and his company at Behring's Strait, and to convey them to England. Beechey reached Icy Cape, the most northerly point yet explored by the Europeans on this coast; but there being appearances of the ice shutting in, he did not venture further with his vessels, but despatched Mr Elson with a barge, who coasted along the shore seventy miles, to Cape Barrow, and erected "coast posts at various distances, with directions for Franklin, should he succeed in pushing so far to the westward." The Esquimaux at Cape Barrow proving hostile, Elson retraced his steps and rejoined the vessels at Chamisso Island in Kotzebue Inlet. In the following year (1827) Beechey again pushed to the north, in hope of meeting Franklin: but he found the posts erected the year before untouched, and the early setting in of cold weather, caused him to despair of joining Franklin, and compelled him re-

luctantly to set sail for England, which he reached in October, 1828, and found that Franklin had preceded him in his return by more than a year. No subsequent expedition has been undertaken, except that of Captain Ross in a steam-boat to the Arctic Ocean. For his safety serious fears are entertained, as he has not been heard from excepting within a short time after his leaving England, and the proper period for his return has long since elapsed. Captain Back, the gallant officer who accompanied Franklin, and shared with him in his toils and sufferings, is now on his way over land from Montreal to the Arctic Ocean in search (we fear almost hopeless) of Captain Ross and his companions.

To the volume under notice there is an Appendix, containing remarks on the memoir of Sébastien Cabot, with a vindication of Richard Hakluyt. Some errors have been pointed out by Mr Tytler in his remarks upon the memoir, but these are of no great moment, and the general character of the work for critical acumen, and patient and successful research in detecting numerous mistakes and establishing truth, is not attacked, and it is indeed impregnable. We shall confine the few remarks we have to make upon Mr Tytler's *critique* chiefly to the inquiry into the comparative agency of John Cabot and his son Sebastian in the first discovery of the North American continent. Mr Tytler ascribes all the glory to John, while the author of the memoir ascribes it to Sebastian.

The principal reasons given by Mr Tytler in support of his remarks are as follow, viz :

"*First*, There is the original commission or letters-patent in Rymer, vol. xii. p. 595, in which *John Cabot* is evidently the principal person intrusted with the undertaking. His three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanchez, are indeed included with him in the patent ; but it is allowed on all hands that neither Lewis nor Sanchez accompanied the voyage, and Sebastian, although he undoubtedly went along with his father, could not then have been more than twenty, — an age excluding the idea of his either originating or conducting the enterprise.

"*Secondly*, We have the language of the second patent, dated the 3d February, 1498, in which the letters are directed to *John Cabot alone*, and he is empowered to sail with his ships to the land and isles of late found by the said *John*, in the king's name and commandment, — a piece of evidence which, even if it stood single and unsupported, appears to be decisive of the question.

"*Thirdly*, We have the inscription under the contemporary

portrait of Sebastian Cabot, painted by Holbein, in which he is described as the son of the Venetian, Sir John Cabot, who was the first discoverer of the New Land, 'Primi Inventoris Terræ Novæ sub Henrico VII., Angliæ Rege;' and in the

"*Fourth place*, A proof of the same fact is to be found in the inscription by Clement Adams upon the Map of America which he engraved after a drawing of Sebastian Cabot's and in the life-time of this navigator. In this inscription, as already minutely pointed out, the principal place is given to the father, John Cabot, and the son is mentioned, as it appears to us, not as commanding the ships or having originated the voyage, but simply as accompanying the expedition." p. 335.

The remark in the *first* reason, that John Cabot is evidently the principal person intrusted with the undertaking, has nothing to support it in point of fact, except the circumstance that he is named first in the patent of March, 1496. And it would indeed be singular if the father were not named before the sons. The circumstances of his age, his parental relation and his wealth required it. It is indeed admitted by our author that Sebastian is also named in the patent, which was made jointly to all the Cabots, their *heirs* or *deputies*, although Sebastian was the only son who sailed in the expedition; but then it is denied that Sebastian was of an age either to originate or conduct the enterprise. This denial therefore renders a little inquiry necessary into the early authorities. The author supposes that at the time of the first voyage in 1497, he could not have been more than twenty years old, (p. 335,) and in another place, that *a year after*, when the second expedition sailed, he was probably *not more than twentythree*. p. 19. His precise age we have no means of ascertaining, though we are willing to allow that he was a young man, and perhaps not more than twentyone or twentytwo years of age when the first expedition sailed in the spring of 1497. Was this too tender an age to entertain and put into shape the idea of such an undertaking? We think our readers will bear us out in the assertion that it was not. "All Europe was at that time ringing" with the success of Columbus's voyage, commenced on the supposition that by sailing due west he could reach the Indies; and surely it required but little stretch of imagination or calculation to awaken the idea that by sailing to the northwest the same place of destination could be finally reached. Columbus had awakened universal attention; thinking minds, old and young, were at work on magnificent projects of discovery

in various quarters to the west, and in filling up and carrying out his astonishing and bold conceptions; after he had enkindled the flame, men of more ordinary cast could view the prospect and lay out their plans, and more especially could young and active minds, touched with a love of science and with the spirit of discovery, follow on in the same path. If then, under the circumstances, the age of Sebastian does not diminish the probability, let us ascertain what *were* his qualifications. In proof of these we shall quote from Stow's annals, under the year 1498, the time of Sebastian's second voyage.

"This yeere, one *Sebastian Gaboto*, a *Genoas sonne*, borne in Bristow, professing himselfe to be *expert in knowledge of the circuit of the world and islands of the same, as by his chart and other reasonable demonstrations he shewed*, caused the King to man, and victuall a ship at Bristow to search for an island, which he knew to be replenished with rich commodities; in the ship divers merchants of London adventured small stocks, and in the company of this ship, sailed also out of Bristow three or foure small shippes fraught with sleight and grosse wares," &c.—*Memoir of Sebastian Cabot*, p. 80.

This alone, uncontradicted, would settle the point of Sebastian's sufficiency: for the learned antiquary Stow is an author of very high authority. But Mr Tytler in defending Hakluyt, who cites and alters Stow, endeavours to do away its force. Hakluyt published a work in 1582, entitled "*Divers Voyages to America*," &c. and in giving the substance of the passage we have quoted, says he derives his information from a note taken out of Fabian's Chronicle, by Stow; but alters the phrase *Genoas sonne* to *Venetian*. Afterwards, in his larger work published in 1589, he undertakes to make another alteration, and there the passage stands thus:

"A note of *Sebastian Cabot's* first discoverie of the Indies, taken out of the latter part of Robert Fabyan's Chronicle, not hitherto printed, which is in the custodie of M. John Stow, a diligent preserver of antiquities. In the 13 yeere of K. Henry the 7 (by meanes of one John Cabot, a Venetian, which made himselfe very expert and cunning in the knowledge of the circuit of the world, and islands of the same, as by a sea-card and other demonstrations reasonable he shewed,) the king caused to man and victuall a ship at Bristow, to search for an island which he said he knew well was rich, and replenished with great commodities; which shippe, thus manned and victualled, at the king's

cost, divers merchants of London ventured in her small stocks, being in her, as chief patron, the said Venetian. And in the company of the said ship, sailed also out of Bristow, three or foure small ships, fraught with sleight and grosse marchandises, as coarse cloth, caps, laces, points and other trifles, and so departed from Bristow in the beginning of May, of whom, in this maior's time, returned no tidings." pp. 336, 337.

Thus we see a *Genoas sonne* becomes transmuted into *John Cabot*, a *Venetian*, while still the name of *Sebastian* remains at the beginning, as if to enable posterity to detect the "perilous correction" made by Hakluyt. Mr Tytler endeavours to evade the force of the argument by alleging "that the passage in Stow's annals, regarding Sebastian Cabot, is not to be considered the very extract from Fabian communicated to Hakluyt, and that a minute examination of Stow's historical labors proves that in composing his annals *he had omitted to consult the Chronicle of Fabian*," who was a contemporary and friend of Sebastian, "and had copied some less authentic writer—probably the Chronicle of [Thomas] Lanquette," in which "Sebastian is described as the son of a Genoese." It is by this feeble argumentation that he attempts to overthrow the reasoning in the memoir. But will Mr Tytler contend that the passage in Hakluyt, *as it stands*, is true? The evidence of the "guilty deed" lies about it still: for in the passage, as it now stands, "the said Venetian," Hakluyt tells us, sailed in the principal ships, "as chief patron." Now in point of fact, John Cabot *did not* accompany this expedition, and Mr Tytler himself admits this on page 19, of his work. Indeed the probability is that he was dead at the time.

The quotation we have given from Hakluyt is the great source from which subsequent writers have furnished forth their commendations of John Cabot, as being *a man perfectly skilled in all the sciences requisite to form an accomplished mariner*. Fabian's Chronicle, that is, the one from which Stow furnished Hakluyt an abstract, is lost, so that no further reference can be made to it; but the authority of Stow and the first citation of Hakluyt in 1582 remain, which to every fair mind, it seems to us, must be conclusive that the commendation for scientific knowledge properly belongs to Sebastian, who next to Columbus continued from youth to old age, during a long life, the most distinguished scientific navigator of his time. Further proof of this fact is found in Sebas-

tian's "discourse" in "Ramusio's Collection of Voyages,"—where he says that his father left Venice to settle in England, as a merchant, and took him to London, when, says he, "I was very young, yet having nevertheless some knowledge of letters, *humanitie and of the sphere*. And when my father died in that time when newes were brought that Don Christopher Colonus, Genoese, had discovered the coasts of India, whereof was great talke in all the Court of king Henry the Seventh, who then raigned — by this fame and report there increased in my heart a great flame of desire *to attempt some notable thing*. And understanding by reason of the *sphere*, that if I should sail by way of the north-west, I should by a shorter tract come into India, *I thereupon* caused the king to be advertised of *my desire*, who immediately commanded two caravels to bee furnished with all things appertaining to the voyage," &c. *Memoir of Sebastian Cabot*, pp. 9, 10.—Gomara, in his general history of the West Indies, says that Sebastian "persuaded the King that a passage might be found to Cathay, by the North Sea." This has reference also to the voyage in 1498. If any doubt should still rest on the capacity and qualifications of Sebastian to conduct a voyage of discovery, and further proof be demanded, it surely cannot be necessary even to satisfy the veriest skeptic, to make any statement beyond the simple fact, that in the second voyage in 1498, the cautious and avaricious Henry VII. entrusted him with the whole command and direction of the expedition; which *this beardless boy, this raw and inexperienced youth* managed with ability and success, although he was not even mentioned in the royal patent, authorizing the voyage. The father, as we have seen, did not accompany this expedition in any capacity, and the suggestion of Mr Tytler that the son had made such progress in naval science, in the first voyage, with the benefit of his father's example and instructions, that he was enabled to take entire command of the second enterprise, is a mere figment of the brain, without support either direct or incidental. Nor is there any reason to believe that John Cabot had any acquaintance with maritime science. He came to England as a merchant to pursue trade: he accompanied the first expedition, but it was only as one of the joint partners: and there is not a tittle of proof that he constructed charts, maps, and sea-cards; none such are described by contemporaneous historians, as having been preserved, or as ever having been

seen ; while on the other hand Sebastian's celebrity in this particular, and as a writer, and as a scientific man, is indisputable.

The next reason that Mr Tytler gives is, that to John alone is the second patent granted, and that he is empowered to sail with his ships to the land and isles of *late found by the said John*. This alone Mr Tytler thinks would be decisive of the question, even if unsupported by other evidence. But although regarded alone it would be of great weight, and perhaps decisive, it is far from striking us as conclusive, when the whole of the evidence is taken together. If there be any verity in Stow, in Hakluyt's freshest annotations, in Ramusio and others — ay, in Sebastian Cabot himself, it was Sebastian, and he alone, who was the scientific and accomplished mariner, whose soul and spirit were the leading elements infused into the earliest expedition of discovery : — we say earliest, because we do not understand how Sebastian could become skilled as a scientific mariner in a voyage of some three or four months, the probable length of the first one, — or how, if not possessed of a large share of skill and science for the private adventure, *in the spring of 1497*, he could have become possessed of it so as to be able to take the sole and entire command and direction of the more important voyage of discovery in the ships sent out by the King and at his expense *in the spring of 1498*. It must have been by some process not even understood in this age of the *march of mind*, and of the *turnpike road to knowledge*.

As to the father, touching whom we have no proof of his qualifications, it was perhaps natural enough that in this second patent he should be mentioned as the discoverer, *as he alone* petitioned for the patent, and was named first in the first patent, and accompanied the earliest expedition. But taking the argument in the strongest point of view against Sebastian, it is not true in point of fact, as might be inferred from the second patent, that John was the sole discoverer. The most that could be admitted in favor of John from the authorities is, that it was a joint discovery. All the early writers speak of John and Sebastian as sailing together in the first expedition ; there is no difference of opinion on that point ; and it is no difficult matter, when we know the respective qualifications of the two, to determine to which the palm is to be given. It probably was not then, and it certainly has not been since, an unusual occurrence that

one should reap what another has sown, or that a father should gain the whole merit of an enterprise, where the conception, preparation, and actual execution are the son's. Many things must be conducted in the name of the father, because the son may not have the influence of years, of wealth, of general standing and consideration; and still the quickening spirit of the latter may be the moving and successful cause of the whole affair. So it was we think with the Cabots. The father was probably old, but he was rich in this world's goods, and well known, while Sebastian was rich only in intellectual gifts and accomplishments. The former would appear to the public as sole actor, or as chief partner. In the inscription made by Clement Adams on Sebastian Cabot's map, Sebastian is mentioned as having as much concern as John, for it says "In the year of our Lord 1497, John Cabot, a Venetian, and *his son Sebastian*, discovered that country, which no one before his time had ventured to approach, on the 24th of June, about five o'clock in the morning." p. 16. And Hakluyt in his original work, 1582, in the dedication, says, "I have here, right worshipful, in this hastie work, *first* put down the title which we have to that part of America, which is from Florida to sixtyseven degrees northward, by the letters patent granted to John Cabote and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Santius, with Sebastian's own certificate to Baptista Ramusio of *his discovery of America*."—*Memoir of Sebastian Cabot*, p. 38.

The author of the memoir gives several reasons why Sebastian's name was not contained in the second patent; one of which we will cite, because we think it has much force, while Mr Tytler on the other hand ridicules it. It is this:

"Another reason for the introduction of the father's name concurrently at first with his sons', and afterward exclusively, may perhaps be found in the wary character of the king, whose own pecuniary interests were involved in the result. He might be anxious thus to secure the responsibility of the wealthy Venetian for the faithful execution of the terms of the patent, and finally think it better to have him solely named rather than commit powers, on their face assignable, to young men who had no stake in the country, and who were not likely to make it even a fixed place of residence." p. 348.

A reference to the two patents will, we think, corroborate the view taken by the author of the memoir. The first patent is made to John Cabot and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian and Sanchez, their *heirs* or *deputies*, and authorizes them at

their own costs to fit out an expedition of five ships, &c., and provides that the regions discovered by them "may not be frequented or visited" by any other of the king's subjects, "without the license of the aforesaid John and his sons, and their deputies." They are also authorized to set up the royal banner, and to subdue, occupy, and possess such regions as they should discover, and exercise jurisdiction over them in the name of the king of England. The patent further gives them the exclusive right of resort and traffic, and reserves to the king one fifth of the profits. The second patent was made to John alone, as we have before remarked, and upon his petition that it might be, and gives him power "*by him or deputies sufficient*" to take six English ships, "and them convey and lede to the Londe and Isles of late found by the seid John in oure name and by oure commandement:" And to convey in the ships "to the seid Londe or Isle" such of the king's subjects as might wish to go. Our readers will note the remarkable difference between the two patents, the first being to the father and sons and their *heirs* for an indefinite period, with exclusive right of resort to the discovered countries, and the exclusive right of traffic. Whereas the second patent is confined to the lifetime of John, who was then probably an old man, and merely gives the right of transporting the king's subjects to the discovered lands, for the purpose, as is supposed, of founding a Colony. Calculating and avaricious as Henry VII. was, he found no difficulty in granting large powers, under the first patent, as the patentees were to be at the expense of the expedition, and as it must have seemed to him a matter of extreme doubt, whether any intermediate land would be found in sailing to the Indies on a northwest course. Very likely he thought the idea perfectly visionary, and cared not therefore what powers he granted. But when the expedition returned, crowned with signal success, and opened a new continent to the graspings of royal avarice, the scene forthwith changed: then doubtless the king was anxious to obtain a surrender of the patent, which gave such great privileges to his subjects, and very likely urged it. Then too, he became willing to purchase a ship and help send out a colony and take a direct immediate interest in the scheme. What the king might wish in this respect would have the force of law; and as Lewis and Sanchez took no part in the first expedition, and as a new patent was to be made to John, and Sebastian was to take

command of the second expedition, there would be none to set up a claim under the first patent, and all difficulty would be obviated, and every end which the king could wish to answer would be answered by the new patent in favor of John. The suggestion of the author of the memoir that the king "might be anxious thus to secure the responsibility of the wealthy Venetian for the faithful execution of the terms of the patent," &c. is certainly of weight, whatever Mr Tytler may seem to think of it. No motive could weigh more with the king, whose niggardly pence-saving spirit was daily growing stronger and deadening his moral sense. So that he would be the very last to give any immunities, except to those who in a pecuniary way were responsible for the obligations they might assume.

The third reason given by Mr Tytler is derived from the inscription under the contemporary portrait of Sebastian Cabot, painted by Holbein, in which he is described as the son of the Venetian Sir John Cabot *primi inventoris Terræ Novæ sub Henrico VII. Angliæ Rege*. This reason requires some examination. It seems indeed somewhat singular that the inscription on the map engraved by Adams and the inscription on the portrait are not consistent with each other. The former ascribes the merit of the discovery to *John and Sebastian*, the latter to John alone. Now there is reason to believe that the inscription on the map was *engraved*, at least we presume that the author of the memoir and Mr Tytler would agree to that fact; and the engraving was made according to Purchas in 1549, (*see Tytler's work*, p. 17,) when Sebastian was still alive — though the original map and the engraving are now lost. But the inscription on the portrait mentions John alone as the discoverer. When was this portrait taken? The precise period is not ascertained; but it was painted when Sebastian was an old man, for as the author of the memoir says, he is *represented as in extreme age*, and he was absent from England from 1517 to 1548. If taken by Holbein, as is supposed by artists, it must have been between 1548 and 1554, as Holbein died in the last mentioned year, of the plague, in London. There is no account we believe of this inscription till the publication of Purchas's work in 1625. Hakluyt, we suppose, though we have not consulted him for that purpose, does not mention the inscription — and the earliest account therefore we have of it, is from Purchas, who was not born till some twenty

years after Sebastian's death, and published his work more than sixty years after. Now the whole force of the argument would lie in the proof that this inscription was placed upon the portrait in Sebastian Cabot's lifetime, and with his knowledge, when he had an opportunity of correcting what was erroneous. But we know of no proof that the inscription was made with Cabot's knowledge or in his lifetime, and probability is against it, for it contradicts the inscription on the map, which there is much reason to suppose *was* inserted in his lifetime. Besides, some proof should be furnished in the affirmative before we should be called upon to believe what contradicts earlier history — and join in the overthrow of opposing facts and circumstances. The probability seems to be that the inscription on the portrait was made at a subsequent period, after the death of Sebastian, when there was a tendency in the public mind to undervalue the son and estimate too highly the father. Both inscriptions cannot be true, and Sebastian's noble character forbids the presumptuous supposition that he could have given currency to both.

As to the fourth reason given by Mr Tytler, that the inscription engraved by Clement Adams on the map of America, which he engraved after a drawing of Sebastian Cabot's, in his lifetime, gives the principal place to the father in the discovery of the continent, it is incorrect in point of fact, and the first part of the inscription, which is material to the purpose, shows it. It is this, viz. "In the year of our Lord 1497, John Cabot, a Venetian, and his son Sebastian, discovered that country, which no one before his time had ventured to approach, on the 24th of June, about five o'clock in the morning." Here at most in favor of *John*, as we have before stated, the agency is represented as joint. From the particularity of this description, as it regards the very *hour* of discovery, and the minuteness of the remaining description which we have not quoted, it is pretty certain that this communication was made from Sebastian, to Clement Adams. We do not purpose to enlarge on this fourth reason, as the remarks we have made in the preceding pages touching the high qualifications of Sebastian for all enterprises of discovery, and the absence of evidence that the same character is to be attributed to John, seem to be an answer to this reason, so far as any answer can be required. If what is meant by first discovery, and all that constitutes its crowning excel-

lence, be the conception in the first instance, the urging on the preparations, and being joined in the successful result, it matters not how many may have embarked in the expedition, or in fact, who first saw land, for the praise and excellence belong to the mind of him who successfully conceived the project. This meed of praise we think on the whole belongs to Sébastien Cabot as first discoverer. We are not however tenacious of this point, and are ready to be convinced, and trust the author of the memoir will be, if in error. There need be no angry discussion; the question does not call for it. It is but one family that claims the reward, and the only thing to be determined is, whether father or son is entitled to the honor of first discovering this northern continent.

We have no room for further comment, although there are several things suggested by Mr Tytler by way of objection, in some of which we concur with him, and in others think him in error. It is the main subject to which we have chiefly confined our remarks. And we say with sincerity, that we hope the discussion will be continued, and the investigation into ancient documents be perseveringly pursued until all the light that can be expected at this late period, shall be shed upon the point, and truth be established on a foundation not to be disturbed.

ART. II. — *An Account of the Infancy, religious and literary Life, of Adam Clarke, LL. D., F. A. S., etc., etc., written by one who was intimately acquainted with him from his Boyhood to the sixtieth year of his Age.* Edited by the Rev. J. B. B. CLARKE, M. A. Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1833. 12mo. pp. 249.

ADAM CLARKE was surpassed by few or none of his contemporaries in the power of acquiring and retaining philological, historical and geographical knowledge; and, as he made the Scriptures his study, and brought all his researches to bear upon them, he was probably unrivalled in biblical learning. But he was a miserable critic, as every scholar who has used his commentary will testify. On every text of consequence, he seems to have said to the North, *Give up*, and to the South, *Hold not back*; — he has heaped together explanations and illustrations drawn from every department of art and science, from the history of every age,

from the geography of every land, mixing, it must be confessed, with much that is pertinent and much not altogether irrelevant, much that would never have suggested itself to a mind, in which the laws of association had not been as utterly broken up, as were the fountains of the great deep in the time of the deluge. And he seems to have had no power of discrimination. No man ever had a better apparatus for determining the sense of the sacred writings; and yet a very large proportion of his interpretations are flagrant sins against light and knowledge. His mind had two great faults, viz. a rambling discursive habit; and a slavish dread of new opinions, which biassed him so strongly in his researches, that he never saw cause to change in the minutest particular a complex creed of thirtytwo articles which he embraced at twenty years of age, when as to *critical* acquaintance with the Scriptures he was a mere schoolboy. The book before us enables us to account satisfactorily for both these traits of character.

This work, disguised as it is by the puerile title which we have quoted, is an autobiography from the author's birth, (which took place either in the year 1760 or 1762, he does not know which,) to the year 1792; together with a succinct sketch of the history of the world from Adam to the Norman conquest, and a genealogy of the Clarke family from that conquest downward. The apology which he offers for inserting a disquisition into the origin of the name *Clarke*, and a biography of all his ancestors and collateral kinsmen who had borne it, is *unique*, and is so good a specimen of his usual style of thought and writing, that we cannot forbear inserting it.

"Man may be considered as having a *twofold* origin — *natural*, which is common and the same to all — *patronymic*, which belongs to the various *families* of which the whole human race is composed. This is no arbitrary distinction; it has existed from the commencement of the world; for although God has made of *one blood all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth*, so that all the inhabitants of the world have sprung from one *original pair*, yet, this family became speedily divided into *branches*, less or more famous or infamous, as the progenitor was good or bad, or, in other words, pious, wise, and useful; or, profligate, oppressive, and cruel.

"This distinction existed even in the family of *Adam*, as we may see in the lives of *Cain* and *Seth*: the posterity of the former being uniformly marked as *wicked* and *cruel*, and even apostates

from the true God ; while the posterity of the latter were equally remarkable for all the social and moral virtues, and were the *preservers*, as well as the *patterns*, of pure and undefiled religion.

" This *patronymic* distinction is not less evident in the great *Abrahamic* family, — in the descendants of *Ishmael* and *Isaac* ; from the former of whom sprang the various tribes of *Idumeans* and *Arabs*, whose history occupies so large a part of the annals of the human race ; and from the *latter*, all the Jewish tribes, and that singular family continued, by a chain of the most remarkable and miraculous providences, from which came *Jesus* the *Messiah*, the Almighty Saviour of the human race.

" To trace this any farther would be foreign to my design ; as it has only been introduced as an apology for the slight notice that shall be taken of the family from which the subject of the present memoir has derived his origin." pp. 37, 38.

As to Dr Clarke's *natural* origin, let naturalists settle any mooted points that there may be. In his *patronymic* origin he was quite fortunate ; for the name *Clarke*, as he tells us, was derived from *clericus*, which " was originally the name of an *office*, and signified the *clerk* or *learned man*, who in primitive times was the only person in his district who could *write* and *read*, or had taken pains to cultivate his mind in such literature as the times afforded, and from his knowledge and skill, could be useful to his fellow-citizens ; and who in consequence, did not fail to accumulate respectable *property*, which was maintained and increased in the family ; one of the descendants, generally the eldest son, being brought up to *literature*, and thus succeeding to the *office* of his father, and the emolument of that office." And not only does our author claim descent from all the men in Great Britain who in days of darkness practised the mysteries of *reading* and *writing*, but his father was no less a personage than an Irish pedagogue. He therefore took learning, as he early did the small pox, *in the natural way* ; and that he should be a great philologist is no more strange than that the posterity of *Seth* should be remarkable for all the social and moral virtues.

In this memoir, the author uses the *third* person instead of of the first, in which, says the editor, " Dr Clarke did but follow the example of other great names, and availed himself of a *disguise previously made known* to the Readers, that the mere Individual might not be perpetually obtruding himself upon their notice." He was induced to prepare this work in order to anticipate a *life* of himself which had been compiled without his privity, and needed only an obituary notice

to prepare it for the press. But he has not superseded the need of a biographer's services; for his narrative ceases where it ought to commence. It gives an account only of his childhood, his youth, and the first few years of his sojournings as an itinerant Methodist preacher. He leaves us entirely ignorant of the steps by which he rose to fame, and the labors by which he deserved it. We discern indeed even in his childhood the germs of his future greatness, in his insatiable thirst for knowledge, and his diligence in the improvement of time. But they must have fallen upon a barren soil in the mind of a man, who was often obliged to travel on an average ten miles a day on horseback, and to preach ten or twelve times a week. And, though they might in that situation have given him a strength and richness of mind above his fellows, they could never, without some great change of circumstances to us unrevealed, have made him a great orientalist and a thoroughly furnished critic.

The ostensible design of this book is to portray the author's progress in knowledge and piety. But so frequently is this purpose lost sight of, that, unless we had been warned of it at the outset, we should never have suspected it. About half the volume is occupied by biographical sketches of Dr Clarke's friends, accounts of *dreadful accidents*, of crimes that occurred in his neighbourhood, and of singular customs prevalent among the Irish peasantry.

His early religious history presents to us a constant struggle of fanaticism with the powers and promptings of a noble mind. And, if we estimate the native force of his intellect by the pressure which it sustained and ultimately surmounted, we must give his name a high place in the calendar of genius. But his independence of mind and the power of mental concentration fell a sacrifice to the frantic spirit of Methodism; and his sanity was several times in great jeopardy. He gives the following account of a state of body and mind, in which he was surely a fit subject for a lunatic asylum.

"Fasting, abstinence, and the most solemn regard for truth, he carried to the utmost pitch of scrupulous observance. He became so scrupulous about his food, and practised such an excessive degree of self-denial, that he was worn down to little else than skin and bone.

"As he saw the world full of *hollow friendships*, *shallow pretensions* to religion, *outsides* of all kinds, and *real substantial* wickedness, he was led to contemplate the Almighty as the God

of *truth*, and the God of *justice*. His views of him under these characters, often nearly swallowed up his soul, and the terror of the God of *truth* and *justice* made him afraid. He became doubly watchful in all his conduct, guarded the avenues of his heart, took care to do nothing for which he had not the authority of God's Word, and the testimony of his conscience; and spoke little and with extreme caution. From this he was led to analyze his words in such a way, in order that he might speak nothing but what was indubitable truth, that at last everything appeared to him to be *hypothetical*, and a general system of *doubtfulness* in everything relative to himself took place. This had a very awful, and indeed an almost fatal effect upon his memory, so much afraid was he lest he should say anything that was not strictly *true*, and on many subjects he would not get full information, that he might no longer *affirm* or deny anything. He distrusted his *memory* and the evidence of his *senses* so much that the former seemed to record transactions no longer, and the latter only served for personal preservation. When he had gone an errand, and returned, he has given in the most embarrassing account. 'Adam, have you been at —?' 'I think I have, Sir.' 'Did you see Mr —?' 'I believe I did.' 'Did you deliver the message?' 'I think so.' 'What did he say?' 'I cannot say: I am not sure that he said so and so, if I have ever been there and seen him; — and I am not sure that he did not say what I think I have just now told you.' 'Why, Adam, I cannot tell what you mean! Pray be more attentive in future.' After some time, the empire of *doubt* became so established, that he appeared to himself as a *visionary being*: and the whole world as little else than a congeries of *ill connected ideas*. He thought at last, that the whole of life, and indeed universal nature, was a dream: he could reflect that he had what were termed *dreams*, and in them all appeared to be *realities*, but when he awoke, he found all *unreal mockeries*: and why might not his present state be the same? At length he doubted whether he ever had such dreams, whether he ever made such reflections, or whether he ever now thought or reflected! However ideal all this may appear to the reader, his sufferings in consequence were most distressingly *real*. . . . He prayed much, immediately forgot that he had prayed, and went to prayer again! He either forgot to do what he was ordered; or forgot when he had done it that he had been thus employed, and wondered to find the work done which he had been sent to execute, though himself a little before had been the agent!" pp. 119-121.

Our author seems to regard this as a trial divinely inflicted, in order to teach him *how sovereignly necessary was the curb and superintendence of reason*. But a lesson so severely given would be like the cutting off a man's leg to teach him

how *sovereignly necessary* to his comfort was the power of locomotion. And, if this shocking prostration of intellect was needed in order to convey this important lesson, why were not St Peter and St Paul, why have not the wise and good men of our own day been, taught it in the same way? Was Adam Clarke the only man, to whom it was important to understand and believe the *sovereign necessity* of reason? And was there no more direct and less dangerous method of making this intelligible? Could no more appropriate agent than Satan, (to whose agency, under God, Dr Clarke attributes this strange state of mind,) have been selected to prepare this young man for the Christian ministry? Those who superintend the education of theological students are not wont to crave or welcome his influences. And we see in this narrative nothing but a temporary triumph of the animal fervor of fanaticism over an undisciplined mind, which was resuscitated by its own native energies. But the recovery was not entire; for, he tells us, that his memory was ever after "comparatively *imperfect* — much inferior to what it was before;" and we are inclined to attribute to this alienation of intellect the desultory habits of thought, and the unphilosophical, pleonastic style, that characterize all his writings.

Some time afterwards fanaticism aimed another blow at his usefulness, and occasioned the entire suspension of his biblical studies for no less than four of the most important years of his life. He gives the following account of this circumstance.

"In the preacher's room at *Motcomb*, near Shaftsbury, observing a Latin sentence written on the wall in pencil, relative to the *vicissitudes of life*, he wrote under it the following lines from Virgil, corroborative of the sentiment,

— Quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur —
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Cœlum.

ENEID, Lib. V. 709. IB. Lib. I. 204, 5.

"The next preacher who followed him in this place, seeing the above lines, which he could not understand, wrote under them the following words: —

Did you write the above to show us that you could write Latin?
For shame! Do send pride to hell, from whence it came.
Oh, young man, improve your time, eternity's at hand.

" The words, contemptible as they may appear, the circumstance considered which gave them birth, had a very unfriendly effect on the inexperienced, simple heart of Mr C. ; he was thrown into confusion, he knew not how to appear before the family who had a whole week to con over this reproachful effusion of a professed brother ; in a moment of strong temptation, he fell on his knees in the midst of the room, and solemnly promised to God that he would never meddle with Greek or Latin as long as he lived." pp. 156, 157.

Though he was subsequently led to repent of this rash vow and to resume his studies, there can be no doubt but that he was ever afterwards a much less accurate and thorough scholar than he would have been, had the vow never been made.

With these two important exceptions, his life, from early youth to the date at which this narrative closes, was characterized by a prudent economy of time, ardor in the work of mental improvement, the constant discharge of every moral and religious duty, the most fervent piety, and indefatigable, self-sacrificing effort for the spiritual good of his brethren. He commenced preaching at so early an age, that he was commonly called the *boy-preacher* ; but was from the first one of the most active and efficient members of the Methodist connexion. He had to contend with no common difficulties in the pursuit of his studies after he began to preach ; for he seldom remained stationary for three days together, seldom had comfortable lodgings, and often discharged the office of a calker for the house where his duties obliged him to sojourn. But industry was a part of his religion ; and the idea of his accountability to God for the use of time seems to have been the pervading and governing thought of his life.

We recommend this book to the perusal of the scholar and the christian, believing that the former may learn from it the value of even the minutest portions of time, and the truth of poor Richard's proverb, " many a little makes a mickle," with respect to intellectual as well as pecuniary attainments ; and that the latter may be encouraged by a new and interesting example to firmness in action and fortitude in suffering.

The editor has appended to this volume " some of the letters which were written by Mr Clarke to Miss Mary Cooke, afterwards Mrs Mary Clarke," or, to speak profanely, several *love-letters*, which, though rather Methodistical in their

tissue, show that he was *a man of like passions with other men*, that he was in fine very deeply in love. However,

"The connexion between Mr C. and Miss Cooke was too good and holy not to be opposed. Some of her friends supposed they should be degraded by her alliance with a *Methodist preacher*, but pretended to cover their unprincipled opposition with the veil, that one so delicately bred up, would not be able to bear the troubles and privations of a *Methodist preacher's* life. These persons so prejudiced Mr Wesley, himself, that he threatened to put Mr C. out of the connexion if he married Miss C. without her mother's approbation." pp. 206, 207.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." But Mr Wesley was subsequently induced to favor this connexion, *the hostile party slept on their arms*, and the lovers were at last married.

We close this desultory notice with the best of the *fore-said love-letters*.

"SEVEN MILES BEYOND WARMINSTER.

"MY DEAR MARY,—

"MR SLADE has no doubt informed you, that I was disappointed of a place in the stage, by its being uncommonly full. I was quite willing to have returned to T—, [her residence,] providing I could have had a passage next day ascertained: but this the coachman told me he could not promise, as every place for the next day was already bespoken. A cart for Sarum was standing at the door of the inn, just ready to depart: I agreed with the proprietor and embarked; but the extreme noise and only a cord to lean my back against, rendered the ride rather disagreeable. Does my dear M. desire to know how my *feelings are*? What did I say when I departed? Was it that 'a separation from the Lord would be *only* worse?' I say so still: though between the present, and the above separation, there is no parallel, yet *this* I think is the next to *it*. You thought you would be obliged to preach to me. And suppose you had begun, what would you have exhorted me to? Why 'Do not murmur nor repine.' *I do neither*. 'Do not love inordinately.' I think I can here plead not guilty. Nevertheless my sensations have been truly poignant. Had I an arm cut off by a very slow process, might I not feel much pain, and yet not transgress?

'Nature unproved might shed a tear.'

"There might be 'sorrow without sin.' Is there not more than an arm severed from me at the present? There is. And could I not as soon divest myself of muscles and nerves, as not feel?

"Salisbury, 9 o'clock, P. M. Fatigued enough I arrived at 7

o'clock. After I left you I felt rather a sudden alteration in my mind: a gloomy resignation (tolerably good in its kind,) took place, and was 'fast reared,' by a stoical insensibility. In these circumstances I remained, till about a mile and a half out of town, I met with Father Knapp: — his appearance awakened in my (almost senseless) spirit some of the most tender sensations: I shook hands, but could not speak to him. I passed on, — grieved a little, — looked upwards, — and was once more calm. I strove to look a little into futurity, to spy out, if possible, even a probable prospect of return, which might be a means of present consolation: but this my kind God absolutely refused to indulge me in; — not permitting me to see a hair's breadth beyond that *indivisible point*, which makes the *present* in time: and thus I continue: my soul, filled with *embryo-somethings*, which it cannot express, nor hardly conceive, struggles out, 'Thy will be done! I am now so fatigued and exhausted that I am able to write no more to night." pp. 241, 242.

ART. III. — *Good Wives*. By Mrs D. L. CHILD, Author of "Hobomok," "The Mother's Book," &c. Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co. 1833. 16mo. pp. 316. [Ladies' Family Library, Vol. 3.]

FORTYTWO "Good Wives" are here commemorated by Mrs Child. In the present period of heresy concerning the duties of the matrimonial relation, she fearlessly maintains the true faith; and far from being sullied by the spirit of female disloyalty, she proclaims unhesitatingly the fealty due from the wife to her liege. Her examples tend very much to this point, and they are taken from various periods and portions of the world. Let us not be understood, however, to imply that Mrs Child either by the expression of her own opinions, or by the characters she portrays, claims for the husband a lordly mastery, or prescribes to the wife a servile obedience. She furnishes instances of coöperation, of succor, of independent action, of gentle and well timed rebuke, on the part of the wife, which are worthy of all praise.

The reader of these biographical sketches will find that the husband's is sometimes the principal character delineated, and that the character of the wife appears only incidentally, and by occasional allusions to her excellent qualities and deeds. This, however, is no violation of the design of the work, and it is made the occasion of striking illustrations

of female virtues. Thus in the life of Mrs Hutchinson, (who was the biographer of her husband, Col. Hutchinson) though she is not the prominent object, we see the devoted wife, and learn to appreciate her worth, by finding that it surpassed all price in the estimation of her husband. There can be no fiction in the language which Mrs Hutchinson uses concerning her wedded happiness, and the virtues of her husband, nor any mistake, on the part of the reader, in pronouncing her a good wife. "His affection for his wife was such," she says, "that whoever would form rules of kindness, honor, and religion, to be practised in that state, need no more, but exactly draw out his example. Man never had a greater passion or a more honorable esteem for woman. . . . He managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection, that she who would not delight in such honorable and advantageous subjection, must have wanted a reasonable soul. He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but in things profitable to herself. He loved her soul better than her countenance ; yet even for her person he had a constant affection, exceeding the common temporary passion of fond fools. If he esteemed her at a higher rate than she deserved, he was himself the author of the virtue he doated on ; for she was a faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though dimly, his own glories upon him. The greatest excellence she had was the power of apprehending, and the virtue of loving his. All she had was derived from him. A likeness that followed him everywhere, till he was taken to the regions of light, and now she is but at best his pale shade."

The life of Lady Fanshawe, the longest in the book before us, is one which Mrs Child promised in the preface to the first volume of her "Biographies." This lady, the loyal wife of that distinguished loyalist, Richard Fanshawe, was placed in situations, in which she had opportunity to display not only the fortitude for which females are so often remarkable, but all that courage and presence of mind, and noble daring, which are less looked for in the gentler sex. And never did man or hero acquit himself with greater fearlessness and address in such situations, than did Lady Fanshawe, through the troublous times of the first Charles, and through the whole period of the Commonwealth. But we leave all the remarkable adventures, and touch upon an incident which affords a useful

moral not only to the wives of statesmen, but also to those of men in less distinguished gradations of life.

Lady Fanshawe had been led to believe, as she well might be, by the flattering words of Lady Rivers, that she had a capacity for state affairs. The latter wished Lady Fanshawe to obtain, through her husband, information of certain despatches from Paris. We give the result in Lady Fanshawe's own words.

"'I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth, 'What news?' now began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I had thought of; and that being a fashionable thing, it would make me more beloved of my husband than I already was, if that had been possible. When my husband returned home from the council, after receiving my welcome, he went with his hands full of papers into his study. I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him I heard the Prince had received a packet from the Queen, and I guessed he had it in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee go; for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I revived my suit: he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked him again, and said I could not believe he loved me, if he refused to tell me all he knew. He answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning very early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, kissed me, drew the curtains softly, and went to Court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled;' to which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing on earth can afflict me like that; when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee. My life, my fortune, shall be thine, and every thought of my heart, in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honor is my own, which I cannot preserve, if I communicate the Prince's affairs. I pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.'

"'So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, except what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.'" pp. 83-85.

Of the scientific and literary ladies whose lives are comprised in the volume before us, the names of Blackwell and Reiske are particularly distinguished. Their labors were alike honorable to them, as well from the occasion which called them forth, as from the success with which they were crowned.

Mrs Elizabeth Blackwell, on account of the pecuniary embarrassments of her husband, was led to apply her knowledge of botany and her skill in drawing for his benefit.

"Having heard it said that an herbal of medicinal plants was much wanted, she determined to supply the deficiency. She consulted Sir Hans Sloane and several other distinguished physicians; who were so much pleased with her drawings, and had so much reverence for the motive, which impelled her to exertion, that they gave her every possible facility for procuring plants in their freshest state, and spared no pains to obtain for her the favor of the public. When Mrs Blackwell had made the drawings, she engraved them on copper, and colored them all with her own hands. Each plate was accompanied by a brief description of the plant, its name in Latin, English, and various other languages, its qualities and uses. These illustrations were written by Doctor Blackwell.

"The first volume was published in 1737, and the second appeared in 1739. The complete work bore the following title: '*A curious Herbal, containing FIVE HUNDRED of the most useful plants which are now used in the practice of physic, engraved on folio copper plates, after drawings taken from the life. To which is added a short description of the plants, and their common uses in Physic.*'

"While Mrs Blackwell was completing this laborious undertaking, she resided at Chelsea, near the Garden of Medicinal Plants; where she was frequently visited, and much patronized, by people of distinguished rank and learning. The College of Physicians gave the book a public testimonial of their approbation, and made the author a present. Dr Pulteney, speaking of this work, says, 'For the most complete set of drawings of medicinal plants, we are indebted to the genius and industry of a lady, exerted on an occasion that redounded highly to her praise.'

"Mrs Blackwell effected the purpose for which all this labor was performed; her husband regained his liberty, and was for a time relieved from pecuniary embarrassment." pp. 73-75.

John James Reiske, a learned German scholar, was assisted by his wife, through poverty and discouragement for want of patronage, till he completed his celebrated critical edition of the Greek Orators. Without her aid in the un-

dertaking itself, besides her solicitations, the sale of her jewels, and her various sacrifices, that work would never have seen the light. Well might he affix her portrait to the edition, and commemorate her industry and worth in his preface.

" 'She is,' says he, 'a modest and frugal woman ; she loves me, and my literary employments, and is an industrious and skilful assistant. Induced by affection for me, she applied herself to the study of Greek and Latin under my tuition. She knew neither of these languages when we were married ; but she was soon able to lighten the multifarious and very severe labors to be performed in this undertaking. The Aldine and Pauline editions she alone compared ; also the fourth Augustine edition. As I had taught her the Erasmian pronunciation, she read first to me the Morellian copy, while I read those in manuscript. She labored unweariedly in arranging, correcting, and preparing my confused copy for the press. As I deeply feel, and publicly express, my gratitude for her aid, so I trust that present and future generations may hold her name in honored remembrance.' " p. 280.

We heartily recommend this book to our readers. It contains an excellent selection of female characters, and teaches much by the best examples, applicable to various exigencies, similar to those which may occur at all periods. The author has manifested great skill and good judgment in compressing within so small a compass the most interesting and useful facts procured from various sources, and in delineating the most prominent qualities of the persons whose lives she has written. While these biographies must be highly instructive to her own sex, they cannot fail to be duly appreciated by the other, and to produce an effect corresponding to the female virtues which are recorded, upon all who would approve themselves to be good husbands.

ART. IV. — *Reminiscences of Spain, the Country, its People, History, and Monuments.* By CALEB CUSHING. In two Volumes. Boston : Carter, Hendee & Co. and Allen & Ticknor, 1833. 12mo. pp. 300.

MR CUSHING's literary reputation is well known. Whatever comes from his pen will be sure to attract, and, what is more, to deserve the attention of the reading public. As a scholar of deep and varied learning, of untiring industry,

and of great ability, he was much respected before he embarked for Europe. He was understood to have made the literature and history of Spain the object of careful study, and thus to have prepared himself in the best manner, or rather the only good manner, for travelling with advantage. To a mind like his, thus stored with accurate learning and fraught with the peculiarly romantic associations that belong to Spanish history, a visit to the country, and a sojourn for a time among the memorials of her departed greatness, must needs afford the richest materials for reflection. We have looked to this book with the expectation of deriving from its pages no little entertainment, nor have our expectations been disappointed. It consists of a series of sketches and tales, partly historical and partly imaginative, and full of agreeable information on the traditions, history and characters of the Spanish people. Mr Cushing has interwoven with his prose narrations, several metrical versions of Spanish ballads, which are executed with a good degree of skill. We could have wished that he had availed himself more frequently of the treasures to be found in this inexhaustible mine of poetry. But little has yet been laid before the English reader; and yet there are strains in that old minstrelsy, which would make the blood flow faster and the pulse beat stronger in the poetic race, and breathe into their verse a new meaning and a more vigorous life.

Many of Mr Cushing's descriptions are wrought up with great effect. The coloring is gorgeous, and the contrasts striking. The stately forms of the old Castilians rise before us, in attitudes and characters that are in strict keeping with the figures which history and poetry had shaped out for us before. We read with the feeling that what is not truth, is fiction wrought into the semblance and filled with the spirit of truth. Thus Mr Cushing has made a book uniting the two desirable qualities of agreeableness and utility. It not only interests our curiosity, but opens to our view the peculiar traits of a modification of human character, formed by influences widely different from any that we have ourselves experienced. It will be read by many, whom a serious history or a philosophical essay would startle from the thought of a reading, and may thus disguise useful knowledge and sober thought with the sweets of fancy and eloquence;

Così all' egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di soavi licor gli orli del vaso;

while to the student it will serve to brighten the impressions made on his mind by one of the pleasantest pages in literary history.

This book is not marked by the airiness and grace of Mr Irving's *Alhambra*. It has but little of the poetical playfulness — the inimitable tact — the exquisitely chosen expression — that run through those fascinating volumes. There are not shown the sense of beauty — the just proportion — the delicate shading — the finished art-concealing art — which throw such a charm over the page of Geoffrey Crayon. On the contrary Mr Cushing's style is too formal, and generally moves with stately buskined tread. There is not variety enough to suit the various subjects that pass in review before him. It appears to have been formed by careful study upon some model of fancied dignity and sounding eloquence, and so it wants freshness, spring, and grace, because it seldom wanders from its archetype. The elements of Mr Cushing's style, as we have seen it both here and elsewhere, are taken too much from the Latin part of our English tongue, to the neglect of the pithiest and raciest words and sayings which grow upon the old Saxon stock. These faults however — if faults they be — take somewhat from the style, but not much from the serious worth of the book. We rise from Mr Irving's *Alhambra* with a sense of luxurious enjoyment — our taste has been gratified, our imagination warmed, and our hearts cheered by the scenes of grace and beauty through which we have been led; but we rise from this with a sober consciousness that we have been reading the earnest language of a thoughtful and accomplished mind upon the fortunes of a people, whose character is made up of the loftiest elements of our nature; whose past character is full of glory, whose present is sunk in degradation, and whose future is overspread with thick darkness, unrelieved save here and there by an uncertain glimmer of hope.

It is impossible to give an analysis of a book like this; we therefore offer our readers a large portion of a story, which is a fair specimen of the character of the work. We have selected Bernardo del Carpio, for the interest of the tale and the poetical version of the ballad which it contains, from which we can furnish only extracts. Our readers will remember Mrs Hemans's beautiful poem on the same subject.

“Nursed in the salubrious air of the mountains of Asturias, endowed by nature with a vigorous frame, and accustomed from

early youth to every martial exercise, young Bernardo grew up to be a genuine hero of chivalry, valiant, frank, noble, and tender; and soon began to distinguish himself among his warlike countrymen, in their continual encounters with the Moors. In battle or tourney, none surpassed Bernardo; until he came to be deemed the champion of the Goths, among whom, uncertain of his actual birth, he was by many supposed to be the illegitimate son of the King himself." p. 52.

"His true parentage was at length communicated to him by Elvira Sanchez, his nurse. Know, said she, Bernardo, that thou art not the offspring of the King, Don Alfonso. Thy mother was Doña Ximena, and thy father the Count of Saldña, who lies imprisoned in the castle of Luna; and men cast reproaches on thy name, that thou sufferest the good Count to remain in durance, affliction, and slighted old age.—Enough, cried Bernardo; thy tale suffices to stimulate the son of so noble a sire.

"Al cielo vuelve los ojos.

"He lifts to heaven his weeping eyes;
And o'er his fair but manly cheeks,
While tears of rage and sorrow flow,
Gnashing his teeth, 'tis thus he speaks:—

"Followers and friends, if this be so,
Bernardo's war-cry will disown,
And leave me mid the battling Moors,
Captive, or slain, or smitten down.

"My steed will fling me from his back,
And trample me beneath the host;
And in the fight my own right arm
Will fail me when I need it most.

"And if Alfonso give not me
My honored sire, Saldña's lord,
I'll beard the tyrant on his throne,
And waste his realm with fire and sword."

"But, before proceeding to such extremities, Bernardo very nobly resolves that he will endeavour to earn the deliverance of his father, by such patriotic acts, and such exertions of devoted loyalty, that Alfonso, for very shame, shall be compelled to grant the boon he seeks." pp. 54, 55.

"It would appear that Alfonso, whether from despair of maintaining his kingdom against the Moors, or from inability to cope with Charlemagne, or from his unwillingness to raise up heirs to the crown of Leon of his own body, was disposed to purchase peace by acknowledging himself the vassal of Charlemagne. But the love of independence was the darling passion of the Spanish Goths; and Alfonso was obliged to change his policy by the opposition of his nobles, at the head of whom was Bernardo del Carpio." pp. 56, 57.

- "Bernardo in the front appears; —
 He stills their noisy cries; and then,
 Choosing from out the multitude
 Some dozen of his gallant men,
- "He enters where Alfonso sat,
 And thus he speaks: — 'If craven fear
 Inspires you with submissive thoughts,
 Shameful alike to prince and peer, —
- "Freezing the noble blood you claim, —
 If such indeed can e'er be said
 To be the blood of generous Goths,
 Who filled of yore the world with dread: —
- "And if you truckle to the Frank,
 How shall the sounding trump of fame,
 Your deeds, — the deeds of recreant men, —
 In camp or palace hall proclaim? —
- "Let angry heaven pour down its fires
 To blast and burn the soil of Spain,
 Rather than bend your freeborn necks
 To be the slaves of Charlemagne.
- "Never, no, never: — in this cause
 All powers of earth I here defy: —
 Who counsels yielding to the Frank,
 The wretch by this right hand shall die.
- "And many more to this great stake
 Are sworn in solemn league with me:
 For sweet is freedom's glorious name,
 And oh! abhorred is slavery.'
- "Therewith he left the council hall,
 And, hastening to the plain,
 Marshalled his men in grim array,
 To strike for noble Spain.
- "The King, who might not choose but yield,
 Joined in the bold Bernardo's cry:
 Whereby, in spite of Gallic foes,
 Spain held and holds her liberty." pp. 58, 59.

"Bernardo marches the Leonese to Zaragoza, where they join forces with the troops of the Moorish King Marsilio, commanded by Bravonel, and pursue the Franks to the defiles of the Pyrenees.

"Hallaronse en Roncesvalles.

- "The squadrons fought in Roncesval,
 Spaniard and Frank and Moor:
 Till many a gallant cavalier
 Sank down in dust and gore.

"But led by bold Bernardo still,
That doughty knight of Spain,
Proud Leon's mountaineers o'ercame
The peers of Charlemagne.

"Bernardo's hand it was, that there
The gallant Roland slew,
Bernardo, bravest of the brave,
Who France's host o'erthrew.

"Waving aloft his thirsty sword,
Bathed in the blood of foes,
His cry still sounded o'er the press,
'Close up, España, close.' " pp: 63, 64.

"Bernardo led back the victorious legions of his countrymen to Leon, where King Alfonso received them with suitable demonstrations of welcome. . . . All the grandees and ricoshomes of Leon are present in the Cortes and jousts. Bernardo alone is absent; for he is now preparing to urge the great object of his exertions and sacrifices, the liberation of his father from the castle of Luna. Missing him, who was the ornament and glory of the realm,—him whom all eyes sought to behold,—some of the nobles embraced the occasion to promise him their services with the King, if he would honor the Cortes and festivities by his presence. He attends accordingly, and bears off the palm of chivalry in the tournament, as he had in the battle field; and thus pleads his father's cause to Alfonso.

"En el castillo de Luna.

"'Lord King, in Luna's dungeon keep,
Ye hold my captive sire,' he cries;
'By thee alone a felon deemed,
But guiltless in all other eyes.

"'Its walls are weary to behold
So long the prisoned cavalier,
Who entered there in life's gay prime,
Which now is withered, old and sear.

"'If aught of crime, which he hath done,
Ask that Don Sancho's blood should flow,
Enough, I trow, myself have shed,
In battling with Alfonso's foe.

"'Your sister's only son am I:
Bethink you of Ximena's fame:—
Dooming Bernardo's sire to chains,
You brand her with a wanton's name.

"'Lord King, I seek not to offend:
My suit is clear, my plea is known:—
Ye hold my sire in prison bonds,
Whilst I am fighting for your throne.'

"But Alfonso is inexorable. He alleges that he is bound by solemn oaths to hold the Count of Saldaña his prisoner for life. Bernardo concludes to try the effect of loyalty and public services a little longer; resolving, after that, to prefer one final request to the King, and if this be refused, to hurl defiance at his head. In pursuance of this resolution, he faithfully serves Alfonso for a while in his wars with the Saracens. But, finding that no greatness of services availed him, he lost all patience, and fortifying himself, with a chosen band of followers, in the castle of El Carpio, he made incursions continually into the territory of Leon, burning, pillaging, and cutting down everything before him, until the King was obliged to lay siege to him in his strong hold. At length, weary of protracted leaguer, and hopeless of reducing Bernardo, the barons, who followed Alfonso, persuaded him to offer to Bernardo the only terms of surrender to which he would listen. Alfonso agreed to deliver up Don Sancho; and Bernardo, relying upon his solemn pledge, surrendered his castle of El Carpio. But the false King, while he kept his promise to the ear, broke it to the sense. Some accounts say that he caused Don Sancho's eyes to be put out before his release, and the effusion of blood caused the immediate death of the unfortunate Count. By others, the catastrophe is differently related.

"The latter story runs, that Bernardo repaired to Salamanca, where it was arranged he should meet his father; and he and the King rode out from the city together to receive the Count. They descried a company in the distance, the old knight being in the midst, mounted on horseback, and clothed in rich apparel, with all the dignity and attendance befitting his rank; and as he approached, — 'O God,' cried Bernardo, 'is this the noble Count of Saldaña?' — 'It is he,' replied the King; 'go now and greet him, whom you have so long desired to behold.' — Bernardo joyfully advanced, and took his father's hand to kiss it; but the fingers were stiff and stark, and looking up into the face of Don Sancho, he found he gazed on a livid corpse. The cruel King had caused the Count to be murdered in his prison, taking this unnatural method to gratify his despite against Bernardo. The emotions, which this dreadful disappointment of his cherished hopes awakened, are displayed at the funeral of the Count." pp. 65-68.

We subjoin the following concluding stanzas upon this occasion.

" 'Doubt not, my noble sire,' he cried,
 'That vengeance shall be duly paid
For all the wrongs that thou hast borne,
 While I possess this faithful blade.

" 'I am but one, sir King, I know;
 I am but one poor castellan;
But I am he, who vanquished France,
 And broke the power of Charlemagne.

“ And this the hand that Roland slew,
 And gave to Leon victory ; —
 And while Bernardo lives, he lives
 For vengeance, father, and for thee.”

“ It is the peculiar and characteristic feature of Bernardo's life, that a pure and exalted filial piety pervades and animates all his actions. In him, there is no selfish pursuit of distinction or power for his own sake ; nor, as in the ordinary enterprises of chivalry, is it a common-place passion for the female sex, which inspires him to do and dare, in the tented field as in the court of princes. The romance, which describes the closing scene of his adventures, is among the best in the language.” pp. 69, 70.

Its length, however, compels us to pass it over.

“ Poetry is true to the character of Bernardo to the last ; for having boldly proclaimed his purpose to Alfonso, he forsakes the land, which is ruled by so fell a tyrant, and takes service, as some say, with the Saracens, — or as others affirm, with the Navarrese ; and we only hear of him afterwards as an independent knight, scouring the banks of the Arlanza, at the head of his vassals, in execution of his purpose of vengeance against the murderer of the Count of Saldaña.” p. 73.

Mr Cushing intimates a purpose of publishing more on Spanish affairs, if the present work should be favorably received. We hope he will. The observations of such a man on the character and literature of a foreign nation are of the greatest value. The public taste must be at a low ebb if Mr Cushing is not called upon to go on. The many favorable notices we have seen in our daily journals, lead us to think that his book has met with general and cordial approbation ; and we shall look for something more from his ready and able pen, on the same subject and in a similar form.

ART. V. — *Francis the First, a Tragedy in Five Acts, with other Poetical Pieces.* By FRANCES ANN KEMBLE. New York : Peabody & Co. 1833. 8vo. pp. 72.

FEW books have been more sought after or read during the last six months, than that which forms the subject of this article. Miss Kemble's popularity upon the stage has made everything connected with her interesting. Her whole career has indeed been one of remarkable brilliancy and success. Belonging to a family that has given to the

theatre some of its brightest ornaments, at the early age of twentytwo, she has exhibited a power of dramatic representation, which places her beyond competition, or even comparison, excepting with the admirable Siddons, and a few other gifted individuals. She has taught thousands, who knew not before, the true dignity of the histrionic art; an art, albeit degenerate and degraded, in itself noble, and capable at once of affording a pleasure the most intellectual, and of exerting a moral influence most extensive and salutary. Strange indeed that an art, of which so much may be made, which can give scope to as fine talents as either painting or sculpture, should in all times and in all countries have been debased. It has as wide a range of expression as either of the other arts. It requires a quick and strong imagination, a refined taste, an accurate discriminative faculty, and an apt imitation. The first conceiving and personating of a fine character is as purely a poetical effort, as truly an original creation, as any other work of art. Why then must we always associate with the theatre, whatever is low and vicious? Why may we not say, as well of a good actor, as of a good orator, he must be a good man?

To inquire into the causes of this degeneracy of the dramatic art would be out of place here. There is one circumstance, however, in which it differs from the other arts, and which is at once a source of power and of danger, and cannot be removed or avoided. We mean its essential and intrinsic popularity. It is because that which can take hold of the many will always be abused, and made an instrument of ill, as well as of good; — will by covetousness be turned to the account of profit, and by licentiousness made to pander to vile passions; that the very element of the drama's power becomes the source of its degradation. Honor be to those who can withstand this tendency, who can uphold the noble art, and show the world from time to time the means of pleasure and improvement it has at its disposal.

We have said all this because the profession of the stage is now held in so low esteem, that some apology seems almost required for those who, with a choice of occupations before them, enter upon this. We learn from the memoir prefixed to this work, that it was to sustain the sinking fortunes of Covent Garden theatre, and relieve her father from embarrassments into which as its manager he had fallen, that Miss Kemble, contrary to the original purpose of her life, went

upon the stage. The motive certainly sanctions the act, if any other sanction be requisite than her own high qualifications for her undertaking.

What a sacrifice this must have been to her, what a life of toil and vexation, must be apparent to all who have any knowledge of theatrical routine.

"An estimate of the labor which Miss Kemble's popularity entailed upon her in this unparalleled season, can be best formed by the number of times she played her different characters, as compared with Mrs Siddons, in the season of 1782-3, the most successful of all her engagements, and when she was at the very height of her towering reputation. From the 10th October to the 5th June, Mrs Siddons played, *Isabella*, 22 times; *Grecian Daughter*, 11; *Jane Shore*, 14; *Calista*, 14; *Belvidera*, 13; *Zara*, 3; *Fatal Interview*, 3.

"Miss Kemble, in her first season, in nearly the same time, played

Juliet, 26 times; *Belvidera*, 20; *Grecian Daughter*, 7; *Mrs Beverly*, 15; *Portia*, 9; *Isabella*, 10; *Lady Townley*, 6.

"All of them new to her, the houses averaging from five to seven hundred pounds sterling a night; an amount of labor which is totally unequalled in the history of the drama." p. 7.

We may observe here that the practice of frequently repeating the same play must, while it has some advantages, operate injuriously upon the art itself, by rendering the performance at last merely mechanical, and thus taking away all the pleasure which fine actors may feel in the execution.

Of Miss Kemble, as an actress, this is not the place to speak; we may say, however, that the indiscriminate praise bestowed on her in the memoir, is calculated to give false impressions of her powers, and really to injure her reputation. It is not true that she is as good in comedy as in tragedy, in the still, as in the impassioned parts; and those who have seen her only in the former, have generally been disappointed.

Let her be judged fairly; let it be remembered that skill, which comes by practice only, is requisite in all art; that the talents of her family have ever been late in their maturity; and that admirable as she now is, she gives continual proofs of a capacity for farther improvement, and we shall be ready to believe, that it is in her power, if her heart is in her profession, to obtain the highest dramatic honors.

But such honors we do not wish for her; they must be gained by long and irksome labor, by an expenditure of her rare powers, in little thankless efforts; and at the cost of her

mind's higher culture. Highly as we esteem her art, we value poetry above all art ; and if Miss Kemble, as we think she may, can claim some portion of that godlike gift, she may forego all lesser fame, for the noble one which that will bring.

There is in her poetry an originality and variety of thought, combined with a beautiful fancy, and set forth with a rich and elegant diction, such as we have not seen in any other recent productions. The volume before us contains, beside *Francis the First*, a number of smaller pieces. It is from these, rather than from the tragedy, that we form our estimate of Miss Kemble's powers. The play was the composition of her early years, and though as such, perhaps extraordinary, yet it cannot claim lasting merit as a literary production. There are some fine passages in it ; the story, though in itself disagreeable, is well managed, and the principal characters are drawn with remarkable distinctness. Some scenes, particularly the opening ones, have a good deal of spirit. But take the whole together, the dialogue is tame, especially in those scenes where the best opportunity for display is given, and in which most is required by the actor from the poet. The truth is that the story and the characters are such as no young lady of fifteen can do justice to. It is no dispraise to say she has not succeeded ; that she dared attempt it, and has not utterly failed, is indeed a wonder.

Of the minor pieces we can give no idea but by extracts. We take the following lines, from one called "a Dramatic Sketch," an exquisite thing, with an unequalled grace and charm about it. It is not to be analysed, and an extract gives an imperfect idea of it ; it shows only how Miss Kemble sometimes writes.

"*Arthur.* I do remember me,
When last I wandered here, (thou wert not with me,)
Somewhere about this spot, I marked a brook,
Whose waters then were fast bound up in prison
By the stern winter. In its frosted banks,
The little crisping stream was closely clasp'd,
And lay as bright as ever, but deprived
Of its quick motion, and its babbling sound.
But the warm air has set it free again,
And it runs yonder, singing in the shade,
A low contented song of quiet joy ;
And fringing the green garment of the spring,
With a gay wreath of many color'd flowers,
Kept by its crystal waters ever fresh.
Methinks this is a type of gratitude :
For be it ne'er so lowly, and so poor,

It still possesses in its own existence
 A power to repay all benefits ;
 And in the gracious taking of a gift
 Quits half its debt ; this is the sole requital
 Which we can render heaven, and 't is one
 Which in its bounty it is still well pleased
 T' accept from us. What art thou thinking of,
 With thy large lustrous eye gazing upon me
 So earnestly ?

" *Gertrude.* I love to hear thee speak !
 There is an everlasting spring of blessed thoughts
 Within thy soul ; and thy reflective eye
 Glances on nothing that thy virtuous mind
 Doth not make radiant with its own pure light ;
 As the great sun, which looks on nought so base,
 But, by the alchemy of his bright beams,
 Straight turns to gold.

" *Arthur.* All men are thus endow'd,
 Like to that patient journeyer of the East,
 Whom wandering Arabs call, the 'Ship of the desert ;'
 And who, mysteriously supplied by nature,
 Crosses the burning sands and scorching plains,
 Where men do sometimes die of dreadful drought,
 With no support, save what it bears itself.
 We all have in us wondrous founts of thought,
 Which, as time, education, and estate combine,
 Are either living reservoirs, by which
 The weary pilgrim, when he is athirst
 Upon life's road, sits down to bathe his brow,
 And quaff fresh draughts of hope and patience ; or,
 In youth too close confined, become, instead,
 Dark stagnant pools of gall ; whilst those that are not
 Taught early in right channels how to flow,
 Ravage the soil they should have fertilized,
 With wide destroying floods." pp. 65, 66.

Next come some lines on a sleeping child.

"Thine eyes are seal'd by the soft hand of sleep
 And like unrippled waves thy slumber seems ;
 The time 's at hand when thou must wake to weep,
 Or sleeping, walk a restless world of dreams.

"How oft, as day by day life's burthen lies
 Heavier and darker on thy fainting soul,
 Wilt thou towards Heaven turn thy weary eyes,
 And long in bitterness to reach the goal.

"How oft, wilt thou, upon time's dreary road,
 Gaze at thy far-off early days, in vain !
 Weeping, how oft wilt thou cast down thy load,
 And curse — and pray — then take it up again." pp. 68, 69.

The lines on Autumn, written after a ride on the Schuyl-kill, are familiar to all. They need no praise.

Last of all are some lines on a musical box. From which we take the following :

“ Whence — what art thou ? — Art thou a fairy wight,
Caught sleeping in some lily's snowy bell,
Where thou hadst crept, to rock in the moonlight,
And drink the starry dew-drops as they fell?
Say, dost thou think, sometimes when thou art singing,
Of thy wild haunt upon the mountain's brow,
Where thou wert wont to list the heath-bells ringing,
And sail upon the sunset's amber glow?
When thou art weary of thy oft-told theme,
Say, dost thou think of the clear pebbly stream,
Upon whose mossy brink thy fellows play,
Dancing in circles by the moon's soft beam,
Hiding in blossoms from the sun's fierce gleam,
Whilst thou, in darkness, sing'st thy life away?
And canst thou feel when the spring time returns,
Filling the earth with fragrance and with glee;
When in the wide creation nothing mourns,
Of all that lives, save that which is not free ! ”

p. 72.

We have only to say in conclusion that those who would understand Miss Kemble must not be satisfied with seeing her in dramatic character. She is a poet in the true meaning of the word. We have seen how well she deserves the name. Francis the First shows her capable of sustained effort, and with these requisites we trust that amidst her responsibilities to the public, she will not forget her more important ones to her own genius.

ART. VI. — *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical.* By MRS JAMESON, author of “The Diary of an Ennuyée,” “Memoirs of Female Sovereigns,” &c. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1833. 12mo. pp. 232, 266.

WE alluded to this work in a notice of Mrs Jameson's *Loves of the Poets*, in our last. We were then not aware of its having been given to the public by an enterprising firm in Philadelphia. Since then, it has been our good fortune to read it, in a handsome page, clear type, and good paper. It has a much neater look than most Philadelphia reprints, some of which do but little credit to the taste of the publishers. Mr H. N. Coleridge's delightful volume on the study of the Greek Classic Poets, came out with so many blunders, and in such a slovenly form as to be a grievous drawback on the

pleasure of the reader. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, a good book should be well printed — handsomely, if it may be, but correctly at any rate — or it will not be worth the buying. This is a matter of more consequence than some may think, on the first blush : but as it does not bear very pointedly on the work which we are about to notice, we leave what we have to say thereon, for the next badly printed book that comes across our path.

Mrs Jameson's book is a series of portraits drawn from the women of Shakspeare's plays. They are divided into classes, according to the leading features of the personages, as they show themselves in the drama — characters of intellect, characters of passion and imagination, and characters of the affections. Besides these, all the Shakspearian ladies, who played a part on the great stage of the world, as well as on the play-house boards, are put together into the class of "Historical characters." Mrs Jameson's former writings gave an earnest of the good taste, fine criticism and happy illustration, which run through this work and make it worthy to be read and studied by all who read and study Shakspeare himself — that is, by all who can read any one of the cultivated languages of Europe. The style of this gifted writer would alone place her among the first ornaments of English literature at this day. It is for the most part such thoroughly good English — English, both in the words taken by themselves, and when put into sentences — and English in the Saxon turn of expression, which is the only way of speaking the true feelings of an English heart, that we read it and go back to it, again and again, as we would go back again and again, to talk with an old home friend. Then she has a woman's quick eye for the beautiful and the true. Her judgments may not be built up on a groundwork of such "clerkly" learning as Schlegel's and Hazlitt's — her philosophy may not be as weighty as the dogmatism of the "grim old lion of literature," as she somewhere calls the wise man of Litchfield, but she has an inborn power of understanding at least the women of Shakspeare, a feeling *for* them and *with* them like the feeling of a kinswoman, which gives her a master-key to unlock the most hidden springs of their being. The enthusiasm of her soul makes her words as forcible and lively, as her thoughts are true to Shakspeare and Nature. Thus her language flows onward, in a copious tide of "fit words in fit places," kept up by an undercurrent of full and strong feeling,

while on the banks of the stream the brightest flowers, gathered from the worlds of Poetry and Art, open to the eye their many-tinted beauties, and load the air with their fragrance.

Like Schlegel, she often borrows illustrations from the fine arts. These arts being born of the same workings of genius, and embodying the same ideal, and springing up to still the same craving of the mind after a higher good and a truer beauty than this earth gives mankind to behold, will oftentimes shed a light on the creations of the poet, or the *Maker*, as the old Greeks and old Englishmen called him, which brings before our eye the traits of hidden excellence, and throws around them the witcheries borrowed from another but a kindred world. How much this kind of illustration adds to the setting-off of fine writing, anybody may easily see, who will take the trouble of thinking over the likeness between many of the forms of art, and many of the forms of literature. Is any one feeling embodied in a work of the latter? The same feeling may at once be found inwrought in the former, and by turning the reader's mind thereto, if he be somewhat skilled and sharpened in the judging of it, the writer will give him the twofold pleasure of having a clearer and more inward understanding of the thing in hand, and of bringing to his thought the ever-welcome images of art at the same time. We must say, however, that few writers have gone to this store-house of fine illustrations, and brought out anything worth the trouble of looking at. Either they have misjudged the worth of what they set their hands upon, or they have misjudged the worth of the thing they have decked with it. Take either to be the right statement, and it is open to the understanding of all, that the end of setting them side by side, that one may shine out the more brightly in the light that beams on it from the other, will never be brought about. If we call Mrs Jameson's writings to this test, we shall find her worthy of the highest praise. Her long stay in Italy, and her strong and quick power of seizing on those points which make up the life of works of art, laid up in her mind a treasure of beauty, on which her clear-sighted taste might draw with no fear of overdrawing and no danger of misapplying. It is likely that most readers will be surprised with the number and fitness of the illustrations which she brings out from the cells of a memory, wherein are hived the gathered sweets of seeing, travelling, and studying abroad.

The reader will be surprised also that the female characters of Shakspeare, of whom he has seen more or less from his childhood, now start into such a newness of being. He has been wont to look on them as good sort of women, and answering well enough to fill up their little part in the dramatic plot. Perhaps he has allowed some of them to be rather *clever*, as Schlegel calls the noble Portia, or he may have been warmed into a glow of enthusiasm by the fire of Juliet, or touched to the heart by the angelic sweetness, and struck with horror by the harrowing death of Desdemona. In this, how true is Shakspeare to life and nature. He brings woman upon the stage to play the role which belongs to her in the world. For the most part, she comes forward, not the bustling self-seeker, the noisy doer of deeds that spring from and end in her own weal or wo, but the being of deep feelings hidden under gentle manners; not hunting after chances to show her strength, but able to use it, and quick-witted to turn it to the best advantage, when occasion calls upon her so to do; not unrolling the scroll of her mind and heart to the broad and garish day, so that he who runs may read; but keeping back the untold knowledge of her character for him to study deeply who would understand it worthily. Such is woman in the world of Shakspeare, and such is woman in the world of life. Hence it is that most readers think but little of the female characters in his plays, if we take out two or three, such as Lady Macbeth; and even she is thought of, less because of her womanhood than because of her moving her husband to the shedding of blood, or of her share in man's stirring deeds. But Mrs Jameson has dwelt long upon their characteristic traits, and has judged of them with a woman's delicacy and tact. She has drawn them with vigor and grace of outline and warmth and harmony of coloring, while the very life which must have been called into being by the genius of Shakspeare breathes forth from her portraits. Shakspeare's genius was so rapid and vigorous that every dweller in the world he created, however little he did in it, had traits which made a *oneness* of character that belonged to him, and to no other. There was no cold abstraction in his teeming mind—no putting together of virtues and vices in a handicraft way, so that one might calculate with the certainty of the "ground-rules," what they would end in; but a crowd of forms, with the hues and features and motives of living men and women,

in every possible variety, stood ready to spring into life at the waving of his wand. From this came a mode that was Shakspeare's own, of bringing his personages on the stage, just as they would show themselves in real life ; sometimes going through a series of actions long and manifold enough to open up all the deep things of their characters, and sometimes doing so little that a careless looker-on passes them by, deeming them unworthy of his notice. Now, if we bear this in mind, we shall see that such characters call for close and careful study, or they will be misunderstood. As by a skillful judgment of the whole from a part, the artist builds up anew an antique temple in its magnificent proportions, or restores the chiselled god to the majesty of that form which has been broken down and trampled under foot, in the going-on of time, so must the reader of Shakspeare bring before his mind the whole of many characters by looking narrowly into a few actions and situations, and by making what is unknown to be in keeping with what is known. In this way alone can justice be done to the women of the poet's dramas. In this way Mrs Jameson has tried to do it, and has done it. We are not sure that she has always carried out the ideas of Shakspeare just as he did in his own mind, but we feel an inward persuasion that she has done her work in his very spirit. Her portraits, perhaps, sometimes stand in a relation to Shakspeare like that which painted or engraved illustrations bear to the poet's text which they accompany. Thus we are not sure that Flaxman had in his eye, to the very form, the scene which filled the mind of Homer, when he sang the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the sorrow of the old Priam — but we *are* sure that he has drawn them both in the high heroic spirit which lived in the heart of the poet. We are not sure that the vision of Creation, Eden, and the Fall, dawned upon the mental eye of Martin, in the same form as it descended on the soul of Milton ; — but we *are* sure that the grandeur of his illustrations, their strong contrasts — their piled up magnificence of darkness, and their rush and blaze of streaming light, are in solemn harmony with the august and sainted genius of the English bard.

From the characters of Intellect we select the following sketch of Portia. In the common fashion of reading Shakspeare, we do not gather in our minds one half of the beauties of this character. When we compare what Mrs Jame-

son says of her, with what Portia *does* in the play, we see the likeness of the portrait to the original, whom no stage-acting can bring out in all her perfection and who can only be understood by thorough study, on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, or else by taking the judgment of so accomplished a critic as our authoress.

"Critics have been apparently so dazzled and engrossed by the amazing character of Shylock, that Portia has received less than justice at their hands; while the fact is, that Shylock is not a finer or more finished character in his way, than Portia in her's. These two splendid figures are worthy of each other; worthy of being placed together within the same rich frame-work of enchanting poetry, and glorious and graceful forms. She hangs beside the terrible, the inexorable Jew, the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt.

Portia is endowed with her own share of those delightful qualities, which Shakspeare has lavished on many of his female characters; but, besides the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself: by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate: she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth; a train of obedient pleasures have ever waited round her; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly there is a commanding grace, a high bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendor had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, over cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry — amid gardens full of statues, and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; but as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the sombre or the sad; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity.

"It is well known that the Merchant of Venice is founded on two different tales; and in weaving together his double plot in so masterly a manner, Shakspeare has rejected altogether the character of the astutious lady of Belmont with her magic potions, who figures in the Italian novel. With yet more refinement, he has thrown out all the licentious part of the story, which some of his

contemporary dramatists would have seized on with avidity, and made the best or the worst of it possible; and he has substituted the trial of the caskets from another source. We are not told expressly where Belmont is situated; but as Bassanio takes ship to go thither from Venice, and as we find them afterwards ordering horses from Belmont to Padua, we will imagine Portia's hereditary palace as standing on some lovely promontory between Venice and Trieste, overlooking the blue Adriatic, with the Friuli mountains or the Egean hills for its background, such as we often see in one of Claude's or Poussin's elysian landscapes. In a scene, in a home like this, Shakspeare, having first exorcised the original possessor, has placed his Portia; and so endowed her, that all the wild, strange, and moving circumstances of the story, become natural, probable, and necessary in connexion with her. That such a woman should be chosen by the solving of an enigma, is not surprising: herself and all around her, the scene, the country, the age in which she is placed breathe of poetry, romance and enchantment." Vol. I. pp. 56-59.

We are afraid of marring the beautiful picture of Juliet by quoting. The warmth and eloquence of our author's manner break out with a bounding energy and headlong rush, that cannot be stayed. It seems as if the character of Juliet called upon the deepest feelings of her heart, for the utterance of which no words of compass and power enough can be found in the language. Though we do not sympathise in her views, we like the ardor with which they are told.

"In the delineation of that sentiment which forms the groundwork of the drama, nothing in fact can equal the power of the picture, but its inexpressible sweetness and its perfect grace; the passion which has taken possession of Juliet's whole soul, has the force, the rapidity, the resistless violence of the torrent; but she is herself as 'moving delicate,' as fair, as soft, as flexible as the willow that bends over it, whose light leaves tremble even with the motion of the current which hurries beneath them. But at the same time that the pervading sentiment is never lost sight of, and is one and the same throughout, the individual part of the character in all its variety is developed, and marked with the nicest discrimination. For instance,—the simplicity of Juliet is very different from the simplicity of Miranda: her innocence is not the innocence of a desert island. The energy she displays does not once remind us of the moral grandeur of Isabel, or the intellectual power of Portia;—it is founded in the strength of passion, not in the strength of character:—it is accidental rather than inherent, rising with the tide of feeling or temper, and with it subsiding. Her romance is not the pastoral romance of Perdita,

nor the fanciful romance of Viola; it is the romance of a tender heart and a poetical imagination. Her experience is not ignorance; she has heard that there is such a thing as falsehood, though she can scarcely conceive it. Her mother and her nurse have perhaps warned her against flattering vows and man's inconstancy; or she has even

— Turned the tale by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olimpia, loved and left of old!

Hence that bashful doubt, dispelled almost as soon as felt —

Ah, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

That conscious shrinking from her own confession —

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke!

The ingenious simplicity of her avowal —

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo — but else, not for the world!

And the touching, timid delicacy, with which she throws herself for forbearance and pardon, upon the tenderness of him she loves, even for the love she bears him —

Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

“In the alternative which she afterwards places before her lover with such a charming mixture of conscious delicacy and girlish simplicity, there is that jealousy of female honor which precept and education have infused into her mind, without one real doubt of his truth, or the slightest hesitation in her self-abandonment; for she does not even wait to hear his asseverations:

But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

ROMEO.

So thrive my soul —

JULIET.

A thousand times, good night!

“But all these flutterings between native impulses and maiden fears become gradually absorbed, swept away, lost and swallowed up, in the depth and enthusiasm of confiding love.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to you
The more I have — for both are *infinite*!

“What a picture of the young heart, that sees no bound to its hopes, no end to its affections! For ‘what was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience, which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure which her heart had just tasted, but indifference, to which she was yet a stranger? What was there to check the ardor of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment, which she never yet felt!’” Vol. I. pp. 128–131.

The “characters of the affections” are all drawn with exceeding beauty; but there is none in Shakspeare which appeals more affectingly to the heart, than that of Cordelia. It is set forth with a touching and chastened eloquence by Mrs Jameson, whose sketch ends with a fine parallel between Cordelia and the Antigone of Sophocles. We can extract only the closing paragraph.

“In the Antigone there is a great deal of what may be called the effect of situation, as well as a great deal of poetry and character: she says the most beautiful things in the world, performs the most heroic actions, and all her words and actions are so placed before us as to *command* our admiration. According to the classical ideas of virtue and heroism, the character is sublime, and in the delineation there is a severe simplicity mingled with its Grecian grace, a unity, a grandeur, an elegance which appeal to our taste and our understanding, while they fill and exalt the imagination: but in Cordelia it is not the external coloring or form, it is not what she says or does, but what she is in herself, what she feels, thinks, and suffers, which continually awaken our sympathy and interest. The heroism of Cordelia is more passive and tender — it melts into our heart; and in the veiled loveliness and unostentatious delicacy of her character there is an effect more profound and artless, if it be less striking and less elaborate than in the Grecian heroine. To Antigone we give our admiration, to Cordelia our tears. Antigone stands before us in her austere and statue-like beauty, like one of the marbles of the Parthenon. If Cordelia remind us of anything on earth, it is of one of the Madonnas in the old Italian pictures — ‘with downcast eyes beneath the almighty dove;’ and as that heavenly form is connected with our human sympathies only by the expression of maternal tenderness, or maternal sorrow; even so, Cordelia would be almost too angel-

ic, were she not linked to our earthly feelings, bound to our very hearts, by her filial love, her wrongs, her sufferings, and her tears." pp. 92-94.

The "historical characters" show Mrs Jameson's reading to be wide and various. Cleopatra, Constance, Catherine of Arragon, and Lady Macbeth rise before us with a truth of historical keeping, strength of drawing and brilliancy of coloring that fill the highest conceptions of the mind. But the most wonderful of them all is Lady Macbeth. It seems to us that Mrs Jameson's criticism of this character is sounder and deeper than any we have read before. It goes beyond Schlegel himself, and searches the most hidden springs, from which her bloody deeds flowed forth. We will not attempt to shorten or analyze it, but must content ourselves by giving the conclusion.

"The Electra of Sophocles comes nearer [than Clytemnestra] to Lady Macbeth as a poetical conception, with this strong distinction, that she commands more respect and esteem, and less sympathy. The murder in which she participates is ordained by the oracle — is an act of justice and therefore less a murder than a sacrifice. Electra is drawn with magnificent simplicity and intensity of feeling and purpose, but there is a want of light and shade, and relief. Thus the scene in which Orestes stabs his mother within her chamber, and she is heard pleading for mercy, while Electra stands forward listening exultingly to her mother's cries, and urging her brother to strike again, 'another blow! another!' &c., is terribly fine, but the horror is too shocking, too *physical* — if I may use such an expression; it will not surely bear a comparison with the murdering scene in Macbeth, where the exhibition of various passions — the irresolution of Macbeth, the bold determination of his wife, the deep suspense, the rage of the elements without, the horrid stillness within, and the secret feeling of that infernal agency, which is ever present to the fancy, even when not visible on the scene — throw a rich colouring of poetry over the whole, which does not take from 'the present horror of the time,' and yet relieves it. Shakspeare's blackest shadows are like those of Rembrandt; so intense, that the gloom which brooded over Egypt in her day of wrath was pale in comparison, — yet so transparent that we seem to see the light of heaven through their depth.

"In the whole compass of dramatic poetry there is but one female character which can be placed near that of Lady Macbeth; — the MEDEA. Not the vulgar voluble fury of the Latin tragedy, nor the Medea in a hoop petticoat of Corneille, but the genuine Greek Medea — the Medea of Euripides.

"There is something in the *Medea* which seizes irresistibly on the imagination. Her passionate devotion to Jason, for whom she had left her parents and country—to whom she had given all, and

Would have drawn the spirit from her breast
Had he but asked it, sighing forth her soul
Into his bosom,

the wrongs and insults which drive her to desperation—the horrid refinement of cruelty with which she plans and executes her revenge upon her faithless husband—the gush of fondness with which she weeps over her children, whom in the next moment she devotes to destruction in a paroxysm of insane fury, carry the terror and pathos of tragic situation to their extreme height. But if it may be allowed to judge through the medium of a translation, there is a certain hardness in the manner of treating the character, which in some degree defeats the effect. *Medea* talks too much: her human feelings and superhuman power are not sufficiently blended. Taking into consideration the different impulses which actuate *Medea* and *Lady Macbeth*, as love, jealousy, and revenge, on the one side, and ambition on the other, we expect to find more of female nature in the first than in the last; and yet the contrary is the fact: at least, my own impression, as far as a woman may judge of a woman, is, that although the passions of *Medea* are more feminine, the character is less so; we seem to require more feeling in her fierceness, more passion in her frenzy; something less of poetical abstraction, — less art, — fewer words; her delirious vengeance we might forgive, but her calmness and subtlety are rather revolting.

"These two admirable characters, placed in contrast to each other, afford a fine illustration of Schlegel's distinction between the ancient or Greek drama, which he compares to sculpture, and the modern or romantic drama, which he compares to painting. The Gothic grandeur, the rich chiaroscuro, and deep toned colors of *Lady Macbeth*, stand thus opposed to the classical elegance and mythological splendor, the delicate yet inflexible outline of the *Medea*. If I might be permitted to carry this illustration still farther, I would add, that there exists the same distinction between the *Lady Macbeth* and the *Medea*, as between the *Medusa* of *Leonardo da Vinci* and the *Medusa* of the Greek gems and bas reliefs. In the painting, the horror of the subject is at once exalted and softened by the most vivid coloring, and the most magical contrast of light and shade. We gaze—until from the murky depths of the back-ground the serpent hair seems to stir and glitter as if instinct with life, and the head itself, in all its ghastliness and brightness, appears to rise from the canvas with the glare of reality. In the *Medusa* of sculpture, how different is

the effect on the imagination ! We have here the snakes convolving round the winged and graceful head ; the brows contracted with horror and pain ; but every feature is chiselled into the most regular and faultless perfection ; and amid the gorgon terrors, there rests a marbly, fixed, supernatural grace which without reminding us for a moment of common-life or nature, stands before us a presence, a power, and an enchantment ! Vol. II. pp. 262-266.

It has been seen that Mrs Jameson illustrates some of Shakspeare's characters by comparing them with the classical heroines of the Greek tragedy. It was a happy thought, for Shakspeare with all the wanderings from classical propriety, that are set down against him by critics who look to form rather than to spirit in their judgments on art and literature, had in his heart more of the true old Grecian genius than all the French tragedy makers, put together. He had the stern grandeur of Æschylus — the finished beauty of Sophocles — and more than the tenderness of Euripides. He had the clear eye for the loveliness of Nature — the quick ear for the harmonies of language — and the artist-like power of moulding into living shapes the disjointed elements of tradition, history and fiction — which belonged to the first masters of the Grecian stage. He has scattered over some of his plays strains of lyric song, that would in the elder ages, have taken the form and measure of the choral strophé and antistrophé, to be chanted in the theatre of Bacchus, where the taste and learning of Athens were gathered together on the great days of classic festivity. He is like the Greeks not only in general creative power, but often in the very words by which his characters give utterance to their emotions. Set the plays of Shakspeare by the side of the Grecian drama, and for nearly every expression in the latter, of strong feeling, gushing up from the depths of the heart, an expression may be found in the former, giving the same feeling, word for word, idiom for idiom, in the good old speech of our forefathers. To show what we mean, take the following. In one of the speeches of Constance she calls herself

A widow, naturally born to fears —

Medea says, Γυνή δὲ θηλυ, καὶ πρὶ δακρύοις ἔφυ.

Woman is weak, and naturally born to tears.

So in Æschylus may be found numberless coincidences of a rarer and more striking kind. For a man of taste, leisure

and learning, it would be an interesting work to carry out the comparison, to all the modes of thought and shapes of expression, in which the great tragedians agree. It would serve the useful end of showing how near genius and taste in one age, under the leading of Nature, come to genius and taste in another, under the leading of the same mighty mistress; and how much greater are Nature and Truth, which opened to the Greeks and to Shakspeare "the sacred source of sympathetic tears," than the code of dramatic laws, and the far-famed unities, which opened to the French tragedians nothing but the French *bienséances*.

We have run away from our authoress. We run back to her again merely to thank her for the pleasure she has afforded us, and to say that she has written a book which should be read by all who wish to understand the women of Shakspeare.

ART. VII. — *A Dictionary of the Holy Bible, for the Use of Schools and young Persons.* By EDWARD ROBINSON, D. D. Professor Extraordinary of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary, Andover. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1833. 12mo. pp. 363.

THIS is a very neat and accurately printed book, and one which fills a place that was not filled before. It is designed for a popular book, and not one for the learned; but it is a convenient and useful manual of reference for every reader of the Bible. The plan of the work is very comprehensive, "intended to present in a compendious form the more important portions of the biblical information contained in the octavo edition of *Calmet's Dictionary*, recently prepared by the Editor, and issued by the same enterprising publishers." Its object is to give "*results*" rather than details; though there are examples of well condensed descriptions of persons, places, customs, &c. which are alike entertaining and useful. We see the proofs of like discrimination and regard to proportion, in respect to the relative importance of subjects, and their need of elucidation, which are manifest in the author's larger work, whenever he departed from the English abridgment of *Calmet*.

We have examined the work before us with as much care as the great variety of subjects which it contains would per-

mit, and feel great confidence in the author's general accuracy upon matters concerning which certainty or strong probability can be reached, and in his sound judgment in weighing the reasons which apply to the different sides of those that are doubtful. But our remarks for the most part must necessarily be very general.

The geographical information relating to places and local peculiarities spoken of in the Bible, forms a very valuable part of the Dictionary, and appears to be drawn from the best sources. It comprises also important accounts of Oriental manners and customs, illustrative of allusions contained in the sacred writings. The histories of the different books of the Old and New Testament, and the lives of their authors, and the biographical accounts in general are all that could be expected or desired in a Dictionary so restricted in its plan, confined so much as it is to results. In that portion of the Dictionary which comprises the Natural History of the Bible, we think that there are some defects. Some names in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms are omitted probably by design, and for a reason similar to that which the author gives for omitting certain "names of persons and places," namely, because "nothing more is known of them than appears in the passages where they occur;" or because they are already well known. But it is not so in respect to all the omissions in the department of the Dictionary of which we are speaking. In the animal kingdom, *Caterpillar*, *Mole*, and *Whale*, for example, should have been introduced, for the sake of correcting the false notions which the mere English reader receives from the common translation. *Hazel*, among plants, should have been inserted for the same reason, and *Bull-Rush* for the sake of explanation.

These however are slight things; and so also are a few inadvertencies and faults of language which we meet with. "SACK, SACK-CLOTH. These are pure Hebrew words," &c. *Sack*, or *Sak*, and plural *Sakkim* are pure Hebrew; the compound *Sack-cloth* is not, and Professor Robinson did not mean to affirm that it is. — Of the fourteen Epistles usually ascribed to Paul, ending with that to the Hebrews, Professor Robinson says; — "the first thirteen have never been contested; as to the latter [Hebrews] many good men have doubted whether Paul was the author; although the current of criticism seems now to be turning in favor of *this* opinion." What opinion? — We prefer kindred to "*cognate*" as applied

to languages. *Objective* and *subjective*, in the technical and logical sense, seem to us out of place in a popular work. But we would not be understood to attach much importance to these and such like things. Professor Robinson's style is generally not only accurate, but simple and clear.

The Dictionary is free, in the main, from doctrinal reasoning and decisions, as such a work ought to be, to whatever sect the author belongs. But there are some violations of this principle of impartiality, which we feel bound to notice. For example :

"EMMANUEL. A compound Hebrew word or name, signifying *God with us*. It is applied to the Messiah, our Saviour, who, as having united the divine with the human nature, is *God with us*."

"LORD. This name belongs to God by preëminence ; and in this sense ought never to be given to any creature. Jesus Christ, as the Messiah, the Son of God, and equal with the Father, is often called Lord in Scripture ; more especially in the writings of Paul. The word LORD in the English Bible, when printed in small capitals stands always for *Jehovah* in the Hebrew."

"JESUS CHRIST. The name Jesus, or, as the Hebrews pronounce it, *Jehoshuah* or *Joshua*, signifies, *he who shall save*. No one ever bore this name with so much justice, nor so perfectly fulfilled the signification of it, as Jesus Christ, who saves from sin and hell, and has merited heaven for us by the price of his blood."

The plan of this Dictionary, as well as that of Professor Robinson's larger work which preceded it, is, we suppose, "neither doctrinal nor devotional." Such being the case, though we, according to what we profess as reviewers, like the author of the Dictionary, according to his professions in regard to this work, have no concern with theological controversy, yet we have some concern in finding out whether the execution of a work is consistent with the plan of it. In the examples which we have cited, we have no doubt the author will readily admit that he has inadvertently dogmatised upon subjects concerning which Christians essentially differ, and that, in these particulars, he has made his work a dictionary for a sect, and not for "all who profess and call themselves Christians." This truly catholic phrase, which is very apt to occur to us, reminds us of another article in the Dictionary before us, containing a sarcasm upon the Roman Catholics, and indirectly upon Episcopalians also, which we can by no means approve :

"**REPETITIONS** in prayers, which our Saviour censures, Math. vi. 7, were short forms or particular expressions in prayer, which the Jews were accustomed to repeat a certain number of times. So the Roman Catholics still repeat the Lord's prayer and other prayers a great number of times, and think that the oftener the prayer is repeated, the more efficacious it is ; i. e. if repeated two hundred times, it will be twice as good as if repeated only one hundred times."

The labors of good father Calmet, of which the Dictionary we are noticing is in some sort the fruit, ought to shield his Church from such a side thrust.

We shall advert to a part of one article more, in this Dictionary, which we think exceptionable.

"**DEVIL.** There are many examples in the New Testament of persons possessed by devils. These are often called *demoniacs*. Some have supposed that these were only natural diseases, and that it is a mere chimera to suppose them possessed by devils. But our Saviour speaks to and commands the devils, who actuated the possessed ; which devils answered, and obeyed, and gave proofs of their presence by tormenting those miserable creatures, whom they were obliged to quit. Can this be mere delusion ? Christ alleges, as proof of his mission, that the devils are cast out ; he promises his apostles the same power that he himself exercised against those wicked spirits. Can all this be nothing but chimera ?"

We should hardly expect from Professor Robinson this loose but very summary and decisive judgment upon a subject which has given occasion to voluminous and learned discussions, entitled, to say the least, to some respect ; nor should we expect it, when we find him writing in the same book, as follows :

"**FIRMAMENT.** Moses says that God made a firmament in the midst of the waters, to separate the inferior from the superior waters. By this word the Hebrews understood the heavens, which, like a solid and immense arch, served as a barrier between the upper and lower waters, having windows, through which, when opened, the upper waters descended and formed the rain. But we are not to infer from this idea of the ancient Hebrews, that it really was so ; in matters indifferent, the sacred writers generally suit their expressions to popular conceptions."

We are not aware that any one's orthodoxy is affected by his particular belief about demons ; whether he regards them as persons or personifications. Professor Robinson seems to

have taken up the subject with strong prejudice, without weighing the merits of the controversy.

Apart from a few faults like those to which we have adverted, from which it may easily be freed in another edition, we regard the Dictionary of which we have spoken, as a highly valuable work, and one which is worthy to be introduced into all families as a useful auxiliary to reading the Bible understandingly.

ART. VIII.—*The National Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans.* Conducted by JAMES HERRING, New York, and JAMES B. LONGACRE, Philadelphia. Under the Superintendence of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. New York: Manson Bancroft; Boston: Allen & Ticknor, &c. 1833. [Part I.]

WE have been accused in these United States, and perhaps with some justice, of setting forth too proudly the rising glories of our country, and of boasting in various ways of our national enterprise and national institutions and prospects; but we have not been remarkably forward in commemorating our distinguished men after they have ceased to share in the active labors of the great commonwealth, and have gone from a scene of toil and trial to that of rest and reward. It is the plan of "the National Portrait Gallery," without any ostentatious display of pretensions, to give good engraved portraits and short biographical accounts of our most distinguished characters, not only statesmen and jurists and men distinguished in the military and naval service, but also professional, scientific, and literary men, who have attracted remarkable public regard. The undertaking will prove, we think, to be a popular one, and if conducted with as much taste and good judgment, as are indicated in the number with which it is commenced, it will in its execution be creditable to the country.

No system of arrangement either in regard to chronology or the stations of the individuals seems to have been adopted by the conductors of the work of which we are speaking. In the first number we are furnished with the portraits of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, of Captain Thomas Macdonough, and of Doctor Samuel Latham Mitchill. Each of the engravings, is followed by a biographical sketch of the

person represented, confined chiefly to prominent facts and incidents well authenticated, and narrated with becoming simplicity. We hope that the biographies of living characters, several of which are promised, will be written with all that delicacy which should be aimed at in a matter of such difficulty, and of somewhat questionable propriety.

ART. IX. — *The Autobiography of Thomas Shepard, the celebrated Minister of Cambridge, N. E. With additional Notices of his Life and Character.* By NEHEMIAH ADAMS, Pastor of the First Church in Connexion with the Shepard Society, Cambridge. Boston : Pierce & Parker. 1832. 18mo. pp. 129.

THIS autobiography appears to have been prepared as a legacy to the author's son, to whom it is inscribed. The MS. "has evidently," Mr Adams remarks, "had many owners;" and it has recently been procured by him, in trust, for the Church of which he is the Pastor. "It is in all probability," says Mr Adams, "the source from which Cotton Mather, in the *Magnalia*, drew his interesting notices of Shepard." There was, however, a "Private Diary" of Shepard, distinct from this book, which was in existence so late as the year 1747, in manuscript, and from which we are informed, in Dr Holmes's "History of Cambridge," "Meditations and Spiritual Experiences" were extracted and published by the Rev. Mr Prince of Boston. There might indeed be many things in common in the two manuscripts, but it is evident that they were not the same work.

Thomas Shepard was born in Great Britain, was educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, took orders (which in this "autobiography," he calls his "sinful taking of orders,") and officiated in the English Episcopal Church, was silenced by Laud, when Bishop of London, for his Puritanism, and escaping from his persecutors, embarked for this country and arrived in Boston, 1635, and in 1636 became the minister of Newtown, [Cambridge,] in which place he died, 1649.

The following is the brief account which he gives of the founding of the School or College, at Cambridge.

"At the desire of some of our town the Deputies of the Court having got Mr Eaton to attend the Schoole, the Court for that and

sundry other reasons determined to erect the Colledge here, which was no sooner done but the cheefe of the magistrates and Elders sent to England to desire helpe to forward this worke, but they all neglecting us (in a manner) the Lord put it into the hart of one Mr Harvard, who dyed woorth £1600 to give halfe his estate to the erecting of the schoole. This man was a schollar and pious in his life and enlarged toward the country and the good of it in life and death, but no sooner was this given but Mr Eaton (professing valiantly yet falsely and most deceitfully the feare of God) did lavish out a great part of it, and being for his cruelty to his schollars, especially to one Biscoe and as also for some other wantonness in life not so notoriously known driven the country; the Lord about a yeare after, graciously made up the breach by one Mr Dunster, a man pious, painfull and fit to teach and very fit to lay the foundations of the domesticall affairs of the Colledge; whom God hath much honoured and blessed.

"The sin of Mr Eaton was at first not so clearly discerned by me, yet after more full information I saw his sin great and my ignorance and want of wisdom and watchfulness over him very great, for which I desire to mourn all my life and for the breach of his family.

"But thus the Lord hath bin very good unto me, in planting the place I lived in with such a mercy to myselfe, such a blessing to my children and the country, such an opportunity of doing good to many, by doing good to students, as the schoole is." pp. 64, 65.

We select the following account of his interview with Bishop Laud, which appears to be very simple and natural, and is probably very descriptive of the scene. Mr Adams says, "the MS. contains the following paragraph by a modern hand." It is quoted by Dr Holmes, in the History of Cambridge, as an "extract from Mr Shepard's MS. Diary."

"In another Manuscript of Mr Shepard's, there is this passage — 'Dec. 16, 1630, I was inhibited from preaching in the Diocess of London by DR LAUD, Bishop of that Diocess. As soon as I came in the morning about 8 of the clock, falling into a fit of rage he asked me what degree I had taken in the University. I answered, I was Master of Arts. He asked me of what Colledge? I answered of Emanuel. He asked me how long I had lived in his Diocess? I answered 3 years and upwards. He asked who maintained me all this while, charging me to deal plainly with him, adding withal that he had been more cheated and equivocated with by some of my malignant faction than ever man was by Jesuit. At the speaking of which words he looked as though blood would have gushed out of his face, and did shake as if he had been haunted with an ague fit, — to my apprehension, by

reason of his extreme malice and secret venome. I desired him to excuse me. He fell then to threaten me and withal to bitter railing, calling me all to nought, saying — 'You prating coxcomb, do you think all the learning is in your brain?' He pronounced his sentence thus. I charge you that you neither preach, read, marry, bury, or exercise any ministerial functions in any part of my Diocese; for if you do, and I hear of it, I'll be upon your back and follow you wherever you go, in any part of this kingdom, and so everlastingly disenable you. I besought him not to deal so in behalf of a poore town, — here he stopt me in what I was going to say, — 'a poor town! You have made a company of seditious factious bedlams. And what do you prate to me of a poor town?' I prayed him to suffer me to catechise on the Sabbath days, in the afternoon. He replied, 'spare your breath, I'll have no such fellows prate in my Diocese. Get you gone! And make your complaints to whom you will!' So away I went — and blessed be God that I may go to HIM." pp. 77-79.

Mr Adams concludes the volume with reflections on the life, character and writings of Mr Shepard. The list of Mr Shepard's printed works, as given by Mr Adams, is not so complete as it might have been made, as may be seen by comparing it with that given by Dr Holmes.

It is well to preserve all the memorials of the New England fathers which can be collected, not only for the purpose of gathering all the fragments of our early history which are still within our reach, but for the sake of all the good lessons which are taught us by those men of other times and other manners from whom we sprung, through their lives and writings.

ART. X. — *A History of King's Chapel, in Boston; the first Episcopal Church in New England; comprising Notices of the Introduction of Episcopacy into the Northern Colonies.* By F. W. P. GREENWOOD, Junior Minister of King's Chapel. Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co., 1833. 16mo. pp. xii. 215.

WE are disposed to question the accuracy of a part of the title of this interesting little volume. There was indeed no Episcopal church in New England in 1686, when the church of which Mr Greenwood is now pastor was organized. But there *had been* one at Portsmouth, N. H. many years pre-

vious. In the Annals of Portsmouth, by N. Adams, Esq., under the year 1640, we find the following passage.

"On the twentyfifth of May, twenty of the inhabitants, including the Governor and one of the assistants, made a deed of fifty acres of land for a glebe to Thomas Walford and Henry Sherburne, church wardens, and their successors forever, as feoffees in trust. . . . It appeared by this deed that a parsonage house and chapel were already erected on the premises. . . . The chapel was furnished with one great bible, twelve service books, one pewter flaggon, one communion cup and cover of silver, two fine table-cloths, and two napkins, which had been sent over by Mason. The people were not puritanical in their religious sentiments, but retained their attachments to the Church of England. Governor Winthrop says, *some of them were professed enemies to the way of our churches*. They made choice of Richard Gibson, an Episcopal clergyman, for their first parson, and the worship was conducted agreeably to the ritual of the English Church." pp. 26, 27.

Mr Gibson did not escape persecution from the zealous Puritans of Massachusetts, who contrived to cut short his ministry; and, as early as 1655, we find a congregational minister occupying his chapel and ministering to his parish. The parish however, even to this day, bears the impress of its Episcopal infancy in the style of its officers, who are still called *wardens*.

Previous to the organization of a church, the Episcopal service had been performed at Boston at long intervals by clergymen transiently resident there. But the Puritans looked with detestation upon the prayer-book and the surplice; and, had they not been under the government of the English monarch, the members of the English church would have fared as ill among them, as the Quakers and the Baptists did. As it was, the Episcopalians were debarred from religious privileges and subject to civil disabilities. They were few and feeble, when Mr Ratcliffe, their first Pastor arrived. After an unsuccessful application for the use of one of the three congregationalist meeting-houses, they obtained leave to worship in the Library room at the east end of the town-house, which stood where the City Hall now stands. This was fitted up, with a movable pulpit and twelve forms, which probably equalled or exceeded in number the families of worshippers; for at the first meeting of the male members, there were only ten voters present. But they were constantly increased and enriched by emigra-

tion from England, and by the residence of crown officers in Boston, and at the close of the seventeenth century were in nearly as flourishing a condition as the churches of their Puritan neighbours. At that time they had in their service a rector, whose compensation was about £150 per annum, an assistant minister supported by a royal annuity of £100, a *sober and fitt person as clarke*, an *omnificent* sexton, and a well-feed man to *appease the boys and negroes and any disorderly persons*; and were possessed of a convenient chapel, a theological library, a present from the bishop of London, and a bountiful supply of church furniture of all kinds, principally the fruit of trans-Atlantic munificence. In 1713, the chapel was enlarged to twice its original size, and furnished with a clock and organ, — the former the gift of the British society, the latter the bequest of Thomas Brattle, Esq. and the first church organ used in New England. The Chapel thus enlarged was nevertheless filled to overflowing; and its occupants *swarmed* twice in the course of a few years, building Christ Church in 1723, and Trinity Church in 1735. In 1753, the old wooden chapel was taken down; and in the course of the next year the majestic granite church now occupied by the society (upon the same site,) was so far accomplished as to be opened for public worship. The church continued to flourish till, on the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, Dr Caner, the venerable rector decamped with them, taking with him the vestments and 2800 ounces of silver plate, which have never been recovered. The chapel was then closed for a year and a half; and subsequently occupied for the space of five years by the congregation of the Old South, whose place of worship had been despoiled and occupied as a riding school by the British troops.

In 1783, the proprietors of the chapel again occupied it, and engaged Mr [now Rev. Dr] Freeman to officiate as reader. He and most of his hearers being Unitarians, they revised the Liturgy, omitting all the passages wherein doctrines offensive to them were recognised. By this measure, they dissolved their connexion with the Episcopal church; and, (there being then no professedly Unitarian church in the country,) their minister could receive neither Episcopal nor Presbyterian ordination. They accordingly placed themselves on the ground assumed by the Cambridge platform, that the greater right of *election*, confessedly inherent in the

members of every religious society implies and includes the lesser right of *ordination*.

"The congregation then determined to ordain Mr Freeman themselves. A plan of ordination was reported on the 4th of November, and adopted on the 11th, and on the 18th of the same month, 1787, it was carried into execution, and the Rev. James Freeman was ordained on the afternoon of that day, by a solemn and appropriate form, 'Rector, Minister, Priest, Pastor, Teaching Elder, and public Teacher' of the Society worshipping at King's Chapel. The evening service being performed as usual, the wardens joined Mr Freeman in the desk, and the senior warden made a short address to the proprietors and congregation, setting forth the reasons of the present procedure. The first ordaining prayer was then read by Mr Freeman, after which the senior warden read the ordaining vote, which was unanimously adopted by the Society and signed by the wardens in their behalf. The ceremony of ordination was then performed by the senior warden, who as the representative of the society, laid his hand on Mr Freeman, and declared him to be their Rector, &c.; in testimony of which he delivered to him a BIBLE, enjoining upon him 'a due observance of all the precepts contained therein.' He then blessed him in the name of the Lord, and 'the whole assembly, as one man, spontaneously and emphatically pronounced, *Amen*.'

"After this, Mr Freeman read the second ordaining prayer, and, an anthem having been sung, preached on the duties and offices of a Christian minister. Another anthem closed this affecting and appropriate service.

"The validity of this ordination was furiously assailed in the newspapers of the day, as might have been expected, and vehemently protested and argued against by some of the former proprietors. The newspaper abuse was sufficiently and pleasantly answered in a short piece attributed to the Rev. Dr Belknap, always a truly liberal and charitable man." pp. 140-142.

We present entire to our readers the above mentioned article by Dr Belknap, which we quote, not on account of its style or sarcasm, but to show the independent spirit by which it is characterized.

"On Sunday the 18th inst. was exhibited at the house formerly called the King's Chapel an instance of the public exercise of a long dormant right, which every society, civil and religious, has to elect and *Ordain* their own officers. It is to be observed that application had been made to one or more of the *lawned* successors of the humble apostles, for ordination in the Episcopal mode; but it was withheld on account of the unpliant integrity of the can-

didate, in scrupling subscription to articles of faith of human composure. And though the Bible, the work of Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles, was acknowledged as the standard of faith, yet this acknowledgment was insufficient! When priestly usurpation is carried to a certain pitch, the people (thank Heaven) can, and will find out their own rights, and know how to exercise them. Invested with this right by the God of nature, secured in the exercise of it by the civil constitution, and encouraged by all the consistent friends of order and liberty; the independent congregation, by their representatives, publicly invested with the ministerial office a sensible, honest man, who publicly accepted the Bible as the only standard of his faith, and directory of his preaching and ministrations. Thus without any mysterious unintelligible ceremonies; without any assumption of apostolic powers; without any pretended superiority of office; without any affected communication of sacerdotal effluvia, was a servant of Jesus Christ, introduced into his office in a style, simple, decent, primitive and constitutional. Then was cut the aspiring comb of prelatic pride, — then was undermined the pompous fabrick of hierarchical usurpation; — then was pricked the puffed bladder of uninterrupted succession; while the eye of liberty sparkled with joy, and the modest face of primitive, simple, unadulterated Christianity brightened with the conscious smile of a decent, manly, substantial triumph." pp. 195, 196.

The history of King's Chapel from Dr Freeman's ordination to the present has been marked by union and quiet prosperity, with no afflictive circumstance except the premature death of the Junior Minister, Rev. Samuel Cary, in 1815.

We regard the work before us as a valuable addition to the slender stock of *local ecclesiastical history*; and would recommend to the pastors of ancient churches generally to follow Mr Greenwood's example in giving the public the history of their churches.

ART. XI.— *A Discourse pronounced at the Funeral Obsequies of John Hooker Ashmun, Esq., Royall Professor of Law in Harvard University, before the President, Fellows, and Faculty, in the Chapel of the University, April 5, 1833.* By JOSEPH STORY, LL. D., Dane Professor of Law. Cambridge: Brown, Shattuck & Co. 8vo. pp. 20.

THIS Discourse begins with some general reflections, very appropriate to the occasion. A sketch of the life and charac-

ter of Mr Ashmun is then given, which must be a grateful memorial to his surviving friends, and which affords an instructive example to young men who are looking forward to professional eminence.

John Hooker Ashmun, was born in Blandford, Massachusetts, July 3, 1800; was graduated at Harvard University in the year 1818; entered immediately afterwards upon the study of the law in the office of his father, at Northampton; and upon the decease of his father, which took place soon after, completed his studies under the care of the Honorable Lewis Strong, of the same place. He soon became an eminent practitioner and advocate; was associated with Judge Howe of Northampton, and after the death of Judge Howe, with Mr Mills, as a teacher in a law school; and after the death of Mr Mills, was elected, in 1829, Professor of Law at Harvard University, upon the Royall foundation. Of his laborious and successful exertions in this office, under the pressure of ill health and constant debility, Judge Story speaks with great feeling and unqualified praise. We must pass over the tribute which Judge Story pays to the social, and moral, and intellectual worth of Mr Ashmun, as a man, and confine ourselves to the following remarks on his professional and official character:

“There were difficulties to be overcome in the case of Mr Ashmun, which bring out in strong relief the traits of his professional character, and invest it with a peculiar charm and dignity. He was defective in some of the most engaging and attractive accomplishments of the bar. Owing to ill health, he could not be said to have attained either grace of person, or ease of action. His voice was feeble; his utterance, though clear, was labored; and his manner, though appropriate, was not inviting. He could not be said to possess the higher attributes of oratory, copiousness and warmth of diction, persuasiveness of address, a kindling imagination, the scintillations of wit, or the thrilling pathos which appeals to the passions. Yet he was always listened to with the most profound respect and attention. He convinced, where others sought but to persuade; he bore along the court and the jury by the force of his argument; he grappled with their minds, and bound them down with those strong ligaments of the law, which may not be broken, and cannot be loosened. In short, he often obtained a triumph, where mere eloquence must have failed. His conscientious earnestness commanded confidence, and his powerful expostulations secured the passes to victory. It has been said, and I doubt not with entire correctness, that in the three interior

counties of the State, to which his practice extended, he was, during the last years of his professional residence, engaged on one side of every important cause. Certain it is, that no man of his years was ever listened to with more undivided attention by the court and bar, or received from them more unsolicited approbation. If, to the circumstances already alluded to, we add his ill health and deafness, his professional success seems truly marvellous. It is as proud an example of genius subduing to its own purposes every obstacle opposed to its career, and working out its own lofty destiny, as could well be presented to the notice of any ingenuous youth. It is as fine a demonstration as we could desire, of that great moral truth, that man is far less what nature has originally made him, than what he chooses to make himself.

"If I were called upon to declare what were the most characteristic features of his mind, I should say they were sagacity, perspicacity, and strength. His mind was rather solid, than brilliant; rather active, than imaginative; rather acute in comparing, than fertile in invention. He was not a rapid, but a close thinker; not an ardent, but an exact reasoner; not a generalizing, but a concentrating speaker. He always studied brevity and significance of expression. And hence his remarks were peculiarly sententious, terse, and pithy; and sometimes quite epigrammatic. He indulged little in metaphors; but when used, they were always direct, and full of meaning. Few persons have left upon the minds of those who have heard them, so many striking thoughts, uttered with so much proverbial point, and such winning simplicity. They adhered to the memory in spite of every effort to banish them. They were philosophy brought down to the business of human life, and disciplined for its daily purposes. He possessed in a remarkable degree the faculty of analyzing a complicated case into its elements, and of throwing out at once all its accidental and unimportant ingredients. He easily separated the gold from the dross, and refined and polished the former with an exquisite skill. He rarely amplified by illustrations; but poured at once on the points of his cause a steady and luminous stream of argument. In short, the prevailing character of his mind was judgment; arranging all its materials in a lucid order, moulding them with a masterly power, and closing the results with an impregnable array of logic." pp. 17-19.

It is needless for us to add anything to this portrait, the work of one who knew so well how to discern and appreciate the qualities which are brought out in prominent relief,—except that all who best knew Mr Ashmun, acknowledge its fidelity.

ART. XII.—*The District School as it Was.* By One who went to It. Boston : Carter, Hendee & Co. 1833. 18mo. pp. 156.

THE author of this little book, if he does not relate what he has actually seen, and that of which he has himself been a part, is no careless observer of men and women, boys and girls, matters and things. He gives a lively description of the "Old School-house," on the summit of a bald hill, of its external appearance and internal arrangement, of the female teachers in Summer, and male teachers in the Winter, of the urchins and youth who attended, of the various kinds of discipline, of the things taught and how they were taught, of the Winter sports, &c. All this is conducted with a good deal of dramatic effect. At one time we are moved by indignation or pity, and at another we are excited to laughter, as the scene changes. There is abundance of action, comic, tragi-comic, and farcical; and our interest increases in it, as it advances. The author grows upon us as he proceeds, becoming more and more natural and lively in his humor, more true to real life in his descriptions.

The following description of a school-master, fresh from college and unused to rustic customs, is not perhaps much exaggerated :

"Mr Silverson arrived on Saturday evening at Captain Clark's. Sunday, he went to meeting. He was indeed a very genteel looking personage, and caused quite a sensation among the young people in our meeting-house, especially those of our district. He was tall, but rather slender, with a delicate skin, and a cheek whose roses had not been uprooted from their native bed by what in college is called hard digging. His hair was cut and combed in the newest fashion, as was supposed, as it was arranged very differently from that of our young men. Then he wore a cloak of many colored plaid, in which flaming red however was predominant. A plaid cloak—this was a new thing in our obscure town at that period, and struck us with admiration. We had seen nothing but surtouts and great coats from our fathers' sheep and our mothers' looms. His cravat was tied behind; this was another novelty. We had never dreamed but that the knot should be made, and the ends should dangle beneath the chin. Then his bosom flourished with a ruffle and glistened with a breast-pin, such as were seldom seen so far among the hills.

"Capt. Clark unconsciously assumed a stateliness of gait unusual

to him, as he led the way up the centre aisle, introduced the gentleman into his pew, and gave him his own seat, that is, next the aisle, and the most respectable in the pew. The young gentleman not having been accustomed to such deference in public, was a little confused. And when he heard 'that is the new master,' whispered very distinctly by some one near, and on looking up saw himself the centre of an all-surrounding stare, he was smitten with a fit of bashfulness, such as he had never felt before. So he quiddled with his fingers, sucked and bit his lips as a relief to his feelings, the same as those rustic starers would have done at a splendid party in his mother's drawing-rooms. During singing he was intent on the hymn-book, in the prayer he bent over the pew-side, and during the sermon looked straight at the preacher, a church-like deportment which he had never perhaps manifested before, and probably may never have since. He was certainly not so severely decorous in that meeting-house again. After the forenoon services he committed a most egregious blunder, by which his bashfulness was swallowed up in shame. It was the custom in country towns then, for all who sat upon the centre or broad aisle, as it was called, to remain in their pews till the reverend man of the pulpit had passed along by. Our city bred gentleman was not apprised of this etiquette, for it did not prevail in the metropolis. Well, as soon as the last amen was pronounced, Capt. Clark politely handed him his hat, and being next to the pew door, he supposed that he must make his egress first. He stepped out and had gone several feet down the aisle, when he observed old and young standing in their pews on both sides in front of his advance, staring at him as if surprised, and some of them with an incipient laugh. He turned his head and gave a glance back, and behold he was alone in the long avenue, with a double line of eyes aimed at him from behind as well as before. All seemed waiting for the minister, who by this time had just reached the foot of the pulpit stairs. He was confounded with a consciousness of his mistake. Should he keep on or return to the pew, was a momentary question. It was a dilemma worse than any in logic, it was a severe *screw*.* But finally back he was going, when behold Capt. Clark's pew was blocked up by the out-poured and out-pouring throng of people, with the minister at their head. This was a complete *dead set*, 'above all Greek, above all Roman fame.' What should he do now? He wheeled again, dropped his head, put his left hand to his face, and went crouching down the aisle, and out at the door, like a boy going out with the nose-bleed." pp. 124-128.

We present one more extract, perhaps not the best chosen; but we have such an abhorrence of tyranny and cruelty in

* When a scholar gets considerably puzzled in recitation, he is said in college to take a *screw*. When he is so ignorant of his lesson as not to be able to recite at all, he takes a *dead set*.

teachers, that we are pleased with the description of the issue of Augustus Starr's brutal severity in the school. He had formerly been a school-teacher, but had for a few years been "an inferior officer aboard a privateer," a situation not favorable to the amiable virtues, or to great purity of speech, and was now called by the boys of his school, "The Captain." After a succession of cruel punishments, the larger boys at length combined to eject the Captain from his chair of office, if he should repeat them. An occasion soon occurred, which, with its consequences, is thus described :

"John Howe, for some trifling misdemeanor, received a cut with the edge of the ruler on his head, which drew blood. The dripping wound and the scream of the boy, were a signal for action, as if a murderer were at his fell deed before their eyes. Thomas Howe, one of the oldest in the school and the brother of the abused, and Mark Martin were at the side of our privateer in an instant. Two others followed. His ruler was wrested from his hand and he was seized by his legs and shoulders, before he could scarcely think into what hands he had fallen. He was carried kicking and swearing out doors. But this was not the end of his headlong and horizontal career. 'To the side-hill, to the side-hill,' cried Mark, who had him by the head. Now it so happened that the hill-side opposite the school-house door was crusted and as smooth and slippery as pure ice, from a recent rain. To this pitch then he was borne, and in all the haste that his violent struggles would permit. Over he was thrust as if he were a log, and down he went, giving one of his bearers a kick as he was shoved from their hands, which action of the foot sent him more swiftly on his way from the rebound. There was no bush or stone to catch by in his descent, and he clawed the unyielding crust with his nails, for the want of anything more prominent on which to lay hold. Down, down he went. O for a pile of stones or a thicket of thorns to cling to, even at the expense of torn apparel or scratched fingers. Down, down he went, until he fairly came to the climax, or rather anti-climax, of his pedagogical career. Mark Martin, who retained singular self-possession, cried out, 'there goes a shooting star.'

"When our master had come to a 'period or full stop,' to quote from the spelling-book, he lay a moment as if he had left his breath behind him, or as if querying whether he should consider himself alive or not ; or perhaps whether it were really his own honorable self who had been voyaging in this unseamanlike fashion, or somebody else. Perhaps he was at a loss for the points of compass, as is often the case in tumbles and topsy-turvies. He at length arose and stood upright, facing the ship of literature which he had lately commanded, and his mutinous crew, great and small, male and female, now lining the side of the road next to the

declivity, from which most of them had witnessed his expedition. The movement had been so sudden, and the ejection so unanticipated by the school in general, that they were stupified with amazement. And the bold performers of the exploit were almost as much amazed as the rest, excepting Mark, who still retained coolness enough for his joke. What think of the *coasting* trade, Captain, shouted Mark, is it as profitable as privateering? Our coaster made no reply, but turned in pursuit of a convenient footing to get up into the road, and to the school-house again." pp. 119-121.

We must omit the rest of the gibes and jokes of the boys, and need hardly add that there was no formal leave-taking of his school, on the part of the Captain.

ART. XIII. — *The Toilette of Health, Beauty and Fashion, &c.* Boston: Allen and Ticknor, 1833. 18mo. pp. 200.

For economy's sake, as well as for the sake of giving a tolerable synopsis of the text, we furnish the whole of the title-page of this book in our quotation type.

"*The Toilette of Health, Beauty, and Fashion; embracing the Economy of the Beard, Breath, Complexion, Ears, Eyes, Eyebrows, Eye-lashes, Feet, Forehead, Gums, Hair, Head, Hands, Lips, Mouth, Mustachios, Nails of the Toes, Nails of the Fingers, Nose, Skin, Teeth, Tongue, &c. &c.; including the Comforts of Dress and the Decorations of the Neck; also the Treatment of the Discolorations of the Skin, Corns, Eruptions, Spots, Pimples, Scorbutic or Spongy Gums, Tainted Breath, Tooth-ache, Carious, or Decayed Teeth, Warts, Whitlows, Prevention of Baldness, Grey Hair, etc.; with Directions for the use of most safe and salutary Cosmetics, Perfumes, Essences, Simple Waters, Depilatories, and other Preparations to remove superfluous Hair, Tan, Excrescences, etc.; and a variety of Select Recipes for the Dressing-room of both Sexes.*"

We know not whether the book is an old or a new one; an American book or a reprint from an English book; an original production or a translation; — but it displays a good deal of learning in regard to ancient costume and ancient customs compared with the modern, as bearing upon health and comfort, and decorations of the person, connected with comely appearance, which entitle it to respect. It contains a great variety of directions concerning cleanliness and care of the person, which every pure-minded and moral man and woman should gravely consider and put in practice. These

are mixed up indeed with more trivial matters, which we believe, however, are harmless ; for there seems everywhere to pervade the volume a just indignation against the secrets, the mysteries, and mischiefs of quackery ; and the prescriptions which are given for improving and beautifying the surface of the body, are given with a particularity in respect to the ingredients, altogether different from the fashion of pretenders and impostors.

This notice will not perhaps attract the curiosity of many of our learned readers to see more particularly what the book contains ; and some of our young and fashionable readers may have already anticipated our favorable words, by furnishing their *toilets* with this talkative and pleasant companion.

ART. XIV. — *An Introduction to the Study of the German Language, comprising Extracts from the best German Prose Writers, with an English interlineal Translation, explanatory Notes, and a Treatise on Pronunciation, affording the means of a ready and accurate Comparison of the Idioms of the two Languages.* By HERMANN BOKUM, Instructor in the German Language and Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Second edition, corrected and improved. Philadelphia : 1832.

THE title of the book gives a detailed account of all it contains or promises to afford. The author says, in the Preface, "the German language in this country is generally learnt only for a practical purpose ; for this reason the author has taken care to enable the student to form an idea of the peculiarities of the language, instead of making him spend much time and labor upon grammatical difficulties." — "The author would feel highly satisfied if his publication should become a stimulus to a more minute comparison of the idiomatic structure of the two languages, and to a careful study of the excellent productions, which, emanating from Cambridge, have been greatly conducive to a more general cultivation of German literature."

The assertion that "the German language in this country is generally learnt only for a practical purpose," may be true with regard to the State in which the author himself resides, which contains the greatest number of German settlers, whose un-

acquaintance with the English makes it important for those who wish to transact business with them to acquire their native language. But this assertion is not correct with regard to that part of our country in which the German language is most frequently and most thoroughly studied. In Boston, and in Harvard University, in which the German, together with the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, form a part of the regular college education, the German is studied for a purely literary, and hardly ever for a practical or business purpose. It is studied because it gives access to the treasures of German literature, in poetry, theology, philology, and philosophy.

The author says of the plan of his work that it is "*new*"; and as to the interlineal translation he protests that "the manes of the unphilosophical Hamilton cannot claim the merit of having afforded a positive help in the execution of the present work, though the author is ready to acknowledge that very valuable improvements have been suggested to him by the faults of the gentleman." — As for the merit of invention we leave this question to be settled by our author himself and the manes of Hamilton; our only object will be to examine whether the supposed faults of this writer have really led him to "very valuable improvements"; in short, whether his little work be a useful elementary book of instruction in the German language.

The selection of extracts from German authors, deserves commendation; it is made with judgment and taste. The pieces are good in themselves, and exhibit a considerable variety of style. *Palemon*, by Gessner, is the only one which is not to our taste; — it has, in common with some other works of the same author, "a spirit of infirmity," which is characteristic of a considerable number of productions of the same time. At present, who can sympathise with, — who, unless he be possessed of the same spirit, can listen with patience to the soft strain of old *Palemon*, when, sitting before his cottage, he comments on the beauties of spring, and on his own beauty? "O! how beautiful is all around me! O! I see with pleasure how my gray beard flows down over my breast. Yes, play with the white hair on my breast, thou little zephyr who hoverest about me: it is as worthy of it as the golden hair of the joyful youth, and the brown curls on the neck of the blooming maiden."

The extracts are accompanied by an interlineal translation,

generally literal and sufficiently intelligible. Wherever the strict rendering of the original obscures the sense of the translation, English words are added to elucidate it. The sense of the original is generally brought out by the translation, though not always with exactness. Thus in the beautiful description of the Vatican Apollo, by Winkelmann, the translator might have learned, from a single glance at the countenance of the god, that the English word *gloom* must be a mistranslation of the German *unmuth*, (indignation,) which Winkelmann saw in that divine face. Another mistranslation disfigures the meaning of an important sentence in the description of Frederic II. of Prussia, by John Von Muller. The historian says of him, that, while other rulers made the stability and success of their government to depend on mere forms, institutions and customs, Frederic expected everything from the power of mind, the living spirit which he breathed into every part of the body politic. This is expressed in the words, "The greatest (quality) in him is to have rested so much (i. e. to have placed so much reliance) on *mind*." This sentence Mr Bokum paraphrases in this manner: "The greatest quality in him is this, to have influenced so much the spirit of his time." (p. 80.) A number of minor instances of mistranslation might be mentioned. Thus, in the anecdote of the Countess Catherine of Schwartzburg, the German *klagt* (complains) is rendered by "discloses" (p. 92); *indem sie ihre stimme anstrengte*, is translated "while she enforced her voice," instead of *exerted*; *bundige erklärung* (concise or laconic declaration) is expressed by "conclusive explanation" (p. 93); *ohne verzug* (without delay) by "without hesitation" (p. 94).

The English itself, without considering it as a translation, is occasionally defective in this book. Mr Bokum is apt to use *what* for *that*, and *that* for *what*; as in the phrases, "all what I ever dreamt of;" "that what you see" (p. 57); "with which name (i. e. designate) you the same?" He also uses "will" for "shall," and "would" for "should" or "could," as in these sentences: "I only wait for the time when I will find myself in a state to read farther" (p. 21). "I would have been happy if my conscience had acquitted me on this point" (p. 64). The verb to "make" is used instead of to "do," in sentences like these: "A master-piece which makes so much honor to the town;" and, "Whenever the Abderites made something stupid, &c. (pp. 9 and 11). We pass over other similar mistakes of grammar and style. Still, mistakes

like those we have mentioned, cannot mislead an English reader.

But there is one peculiarity in the disposition of the matter which, as seems to us, must seriously affect the usefulness of the book. If it was the author's design to teach "the peculiarities," "the idiomatic structure" of the German language by means of an interlineal translation, we should suppose he would have given the pure German text as it is found in the works from which the extracts are taken, placing under each word the literal English translation. Although this mode of proceeding, in many cases, must occasion an ungrammatical position of the English words, the student will generally find it an easy matter to form the English words thus accidentally brought together, into a perfect sentence; and whatever labor he may have to bestow upon this attempt, as it obliges him to dwell on the cause of that accidental arrangement of the vernacular words, this labor itself is calculated to impress upon him the idiomatic structure of the foreign language. Only in those cases, which are few, in which the literal English translation might induce him to put a wrong construction upon the German, a free English translation, expressing the true meaning of the original, should be added.

But in order to be able to place under the foreign text a continuous and correct vernacular translation, and to save the student the wholesome necessity and labor of attending to the genuine German construction, our author has changed the genuine grammatical order of the German words, by placing over each of the English words, the German, arranged according to the rules of the English grammar—as if his purpose had been to teach English instead of German. Thus in reading the German by means of this interlineal English translation, the learner is studying foreign words put together without any reference to the rules and the idiom of the language to which they belong, and if from this study of a falsified text any impression is left on his mind, it must be a false one. The twentythree extracts of which the book consists, are thus presented, one after the other, disguised under a text made up to suit the translation underneath. The wrong conception of the German idiom which this perversion of the natural arrangement cannot fail to produce on the mind of the learner, will with difficulty be removed by a perusal of the same pieces in their genuine German text, which are printed together, without a translation, by way of an appen-

dix, near the end of the book. And though the student should succeed in getting rid of the first wrong impression, the useless trouble of unlearning what he has thus acquired, will hardly make him disposed to thank the author for having at first saved him the easy and useful task of studying the genuine German text by an interlineal literal translation, which, although not conformed to the English idiom, would, on this very account, have been better calculated to acquaint him with the idiomatic structure of the language he is studying.

The author has added, at the end of the book, a treatise on Pronunciation — and as his professed purpose is to instruct English students in the German language, they of course expect to find here a treatise on the pronunciation of this language. But to their surprise they will find, instead of the expected analysis of the sounds of the German language, a treatise on the pronunciation of their mother tongue. The treatise itself, considered as an essay on English phonology, is incomplete, and in some particulars incorrect. Thus the author directs us by the German letters he uses for illustrating the English sounds, to pronounce the *g* in *plague* like *k* ; the *a* in *archangel*, and *archbishop*, like the *a* in *fat* and *flat*, and the *a* in *wax* like a *in far* ; and he would have us compress the two syllables which are heard in the correct pronunciation of the word *duel*, into one.

We have laid before our readers the contents, the merits and the defects of the book placed at the head of this article ; and we hope that the praiseworthy zeal of the author may soon present us a production which we can receive with more unqualified approbation.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

FOR MAY, 1833.

HISTORY.

The History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of North America, till the British Revolution in 1688. By James Grahame, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston, Russell, Odiorne & Co.

History of the Crusades against the Albigenes in the thirteenth century. From the French of J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, Correspondent of the Institute of France, &c., Honorary Member of the University of Wilna, &c. First American edition, with an Introduction. Boston.

A View of the United States: Historical, Geographical, and Statistical. By John Hayward. New York.

MEDICINE.

The Mother's Medical Guide: containing a Description of the Diseases incident to Children, with the Mode of Treatment, as far as can be pursued with safety, independently of a Professional Attendant. By R. & H. O. Bradford, Members of the Royal College of Surgeons; with Notes and Amendments by Jerome V. C. Smith, M. D. Boston.

MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.

Familiar Lessons in Mineralogy and Geology: designed for the Use of Young Persons and Lyceums. By Jane Kirby Welsh. 2 vols. Boston.

LAW.

Williams on the Law of Executors and Administrators; with Notes and References to the Decisions of the Courts of this Country. By F. J. Troubat.

THEOLOGY.

Polymicrian Concordance of the New Testament. By A. Cruden. Abridged by Rev. Wm. Patton. New York.

Sermons on the Doctrines and Precepts of the New Testament. By J. Farr. Boston.

Occasional Discourses, including several never before published. By Francis Wayland, President of Brown University. Boston.

Owen on Spiritual-Mindedness; Abridged by Rev. Dr. Porter, of Andover Theological Seminary. Boston.

Lectures on the Religious Education of Children. By S. R. Hall. Boston.

Ezekiel's Vision of the Valley of Dry Bones, considered in a Course of Lectures. By the Rev. George T. Bedell, D. D., Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia. Philadelphia.

The Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A. M.; with a Brief Memoir of his Life. By Dr Gregory. vol. 3. New York.

Hinton's Active Christian : a series of Lectures, by John Howard Hinton, A. M., first American edition ; with an Introduction by the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D. D. Philadelphia.

Hints to Christians. By Drs. Skinner and Beecher. Philadelphia.

Mitchell's Doctrinal Guide for the Young Christian. By Wm. Mitchell, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Rutland, Vt. Second edition.

A Statement of Reason, for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ. By Andrews Norton. Cambridge.

Guide to the Lord's Supper ; containing a tract of the Revival Tract Society, and writings on the subject by Drs Morrison, Mason, Owen, Archbishop Leighton, President Dwight, Bishop Sumner, Mrs Graham, and Dr Thomas Scott. New York.

Evidences of Christianity, in their External Division ; exhibited in a course of lectures delivered in the city of New York in the winter of 1831—32. By Charles P. M'Ilvaine, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Ohio. New York.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John Jay ; with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers. By his Son, William Jay. 2 vols. New York.

The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans ; conducted by James Herring, New York, and James B. Longacre, Philadelphia — under the superintendence of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. No. 2—containing finely engraved Portraits of Israel Putnam, Andrew Jackson, and Miss C. M. Sedgwick. N. York and Boston.

Memoir of William Livingston, Member of Congress in 1774, '5 and '6, Delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787, Governor of the State of New Jersey from 1776 to 1790. With extracts from his correspondence and notices of various members of his family. By Theodore Sedgwick, Jr. New York.

Memoir of Julius Charles Rien, from the French of Frederic Monod Jun, one of the Pastors of the Reformed Church in Paris, with introductory remarks, by the Rev. A. Alexander, D. D. Philadelphia.

CHEMISTRY.

Elements of Chemical Philosophy, on the basis of Reid ; comprising the Rudiments of that Science, and the requisite Experimental Illustrations — with Plates and Diagrams. By Thomas D. Mitchell, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy in the Medical College of Ohio, President of the Ohio Medical Lyceum, Honorary Member of the Philadelphia Medical and Columbian Medical Societies, &c. Cincinnati.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Scripture Natural History : containing a descriptive account of the Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Insects, Reptiles, Serpents, Plants, Trees, Minerals, Gems and Precious Stones, mentioned in the Bible. By Wm. Carpenter ; first American, from the latest London edition ; with Improvements by Rev. Gorham D. Abbot. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. To which are added, Sketches of Palestine, or the Holy Land. Boston.

EDUCATION.

American Universal Geography, for Schools and Academies ; on the Principles of Analysis and Comparison — illustrated by copperplate and stereotype Maps. By Rev. J. L. Blake, A. M. Boston, published by Russell, Odiorne & Co.

Grammatical Text Book — in which the several Moods are clearly illustrated by Diagrams, representing the number of Tenses in each Mood, their Signs, and the manner in which they are formed — for the use of Schools. By Roscoe G. Greene. Boston.

The Elements of the Differential Calculus : comprehending the general theory of Curve Surfaces, and of Curves of Double Curvature ; intended for the use of Mathematical students in Schools and Universities. By J. R. Young. Revised and corrected by Michael O'Shan-nessy, A. M.

Mother's Manual and Infant Instructor ; designed for Infant or Primary Schools and Families : illustrated with about three hundred cuts, all of which are correctly explained in the Alphabet of Nature, and adapted to a regular course of Infant Instruction. By M. M. Carll. Second edition, improved and enlarged. Philadelphia.

Juvenile Reading Lessons : or Pieces in Prose and Poetry, with the most Difficult Words placed at the head of each section, Defined and Pronounced. Also, Questions at the end of each section. Designed as a Reading Book for the Younger Classes, in Common and other Schools. Boston.

POLITICS.

Indian Treaties, and Laws and Regulations relating to Indian Affairs. Washington.

MISCELLANEOUS.

National Calendar, and Annals of the United States, for 1833 ; vol. 11. By Peter Force. Washington.

Water Spirit. Boston.

The Travelling Tin-Man ; an American story, founded on fact. By Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia.

Paxton's Letters on Slavery, addressed to the Cumberland Congregation, Virginia, by J. D. Paxton, their former pastor. Lexington, Ky.

The District School as it Was. By One who went to it. Boston.

Offering of Sympathy to the Afflicted ; especially to parents bereaved of their children — second edition, with Additions. Boston.

Roman Antiquities and Ancient Mythology ; for Classical Schools. By Charles K. Dillaway, A. M., Instructor in the Boston Public Latin School — second edition. Boston.

Pencil Sketches, or Outlines of Character and Manners. By Miss Leslie. Philadelphia.

POETRY.

The Harbinger ; a May Gift — sold for the benefit of the New England Institution for the Education of the Blind. Boston.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narrative of a Voyage to the Ethiopic and South Atlantic Ocean, Chinese Sea, and North and South Pacific Oceans, in the years 1829, 1830, and 1831. By Abby Jane Morrell. Boston.

Voyages Round the World ; with selected Sketches of Voyages to the South Seas, North and South Pacific Oceans, China, &c. Performed under the command and agency of the author ; also Information relating to important late Discoveries. By Edmund Fanning. New York.

AMERICAN EDITIONS OF EUROPEAN WORKS.

Asmodeus at Large. By the author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," &c. Philadelphia.

Gleanings in Natural History ; with Local Recollections. By Edward

Jesse, Esq., Deputy Surveyor of his Majesty's Parks. To which are added, Maxims and Hints for an Angler. Philadelphia.

The Library of Romance, No. 2; edited by Leitch Ritchie — containing Schenderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine, by the Editor. Philad.

The Hunchback, a Play, in five acts. By James Sheridan Knowles. New York.

Francis the First, a Tragedy, in five acts; with other Poetical Pieces. By Miss Fanny Kemble. New York.

Number XXII. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, viz: History of England. By Sir James Mackintosh — vol. 3. Philadelphia.

John Milton: his Life and Times, Religious and Political Opinions. By Joseph Ivimy, author of the History of the English Baptists. N.York.

For Each and For All. Number XI. of Illustrations of Political Economy. By Harriet Martineau. Boston.

The Bridgewater Treatises, on the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation. Treatise III. On Astronomy and General Physics; by the Rev. William Whewell, M. A. Fellow and Tutor in Trinity College, Cambridge. Philadelphia.

Our Island, containing Forgery, a Tale, and the Lunatic, a Tale, 2 vols. Boston.

Three Years in North America; by James Stuart, Esq.; from the Second London edition, in 2 vols. New York.

Zohrab the Hostage. By the Author of Hajji Baba. New York.

The Essential Faith of the Universal Church, deduced from the Sacred Records. By Harriet Martineau. Boston.

INDEX TO VOLUME III.

DECEMBER, 1832—JULY, 1833.

A.

Adams, J. Q. Dermot Mac Morrogh, 147.

— *Nehemiah, Autobiography of* Thomas Shepard, 495.

Anatomist, Manual of the, 411.

Armenia, Researches of Smith and Dwight in, 349.

Ashmun, John Hooker, Discourse at the Funeral of, 501.

B.

Babbage, Charles, Economy of Machinery and Manufactures, 24.

Bartrum, Joseph P., Psalms newly paraphrased, 342.

Bedford, Gunning S., Translation of Anatomist's Manual, 411.

Bible, Dictionary of, 89, 490.

Blackstone, Wm. Commentaries on the Laws of England, 430.

Brewster, David, Letters on Natural Magic, 334.

Browne, D. J. Geology in its present State, 46.

Bush, George, Treatise on the Mil- lennium, 202.

C.

Cabot, Sebastian, Remarks on a Me- moir of, 437.

Cairus, J. M. Edition of Donnegan's Greek Lexicon, 37.

Calmet, Dictionary of the Bible, 89.

Caspar Hauser, Account of, 225.

Chalmers, Thomas, Political Econo- my, 137.

Channing, Wm. E. Discourses by, 116.

Child, Mrs. Good Wives, 462.

Cicero, M. T., Tusculan Questions, 280.

Clarke, Adam, Life of, 454.

Colburn, Warren, Lessons in Reading and Grammar, 413.

Combe, George, Constitution of Man, 417.

Convention, Journal of, for framing a Constitution for Massachusetts, 189.

Cushing, Caleb, Reminiscences of Spain, 466.

D.

Dana, Joseph, Liber Primus, 161.

Dickinson, Rodolphus, Version of the New Testament, 219.

Dillaueay, Charles K. Liber Primus, with Additions, 161.

District School, As it was, 504.

Donne, John, Life of, 32.

Donnegan, Greek and English Lexi- con, 37.

Dunglison, Robley, Human Physi- ology, 173.

Dwight, H. G. O. Researches of, in Armenia, 349.

E.

Edgeworth, Maria, Selections from the works of, 413.

F.

Feuerbach, Anselm Von, Caspar Hau- ser, 225.

Flint, Timothy, Lectures on Natural History, &c. 261.

Follen, Charles, Funeral Oration at the Burial of G. Spurzheim, 59.

Francis, Convers, Discourse on the Landing of the Fathers, 229.

G.

Gaelic, Books in, 85.

Galileo, Life of, 14.

Geology, in its present advanced State, 46.

Greenwood, F. W. P. History of King's Chapel, 497.

- H.**
Hall, James, Soldier's Bride, and other Tales, 400.
Harris, Thaddeus Wm. Discourse before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, 152.
Henry Masterton, 268.
Herbert, George, Life of, 36.
Herring, James, Portrait Gallery, 494.
Historical Society, New Hampshire, Collections of, 54.
Hooker, Richard, Life of, 35.
- I.**
Indian Biography, 63.
Iriarte, Note to the Review of his Fables, 81.
- J.**
Jacobs, Frederic, Greek Reader, 158.
Jameson, Mrs. Loves of the Poets and Sketches of celebrated Women, 384.
 ——— Characteristics of Women, 478.
- K.**
Kemble, Frances Ann, Francis the First, a Tragedy, 473.
Kenrick, Wm. New American Orchardist, 212.
King's Chapel, in Boston, History of, 497.
Knowles, James D. Address at the Newton Theological Institution, 72.
- L.**
Lexicon, Greek and English, 37.
Library, Scholars' Cabinet, Life of Galileo, 14.
 ——— Workingmen's No. 1 and 2., 247.
 ——— Sunday, for Young Persons, 255.
 ——— Ladies' Family, vol. 3., 462.
Lindsey, Philip, Discourses; Cause of Farmers and University in Tennessee, 309.
Longacre, James B., National Portrait Gallery, 494.
Longinus, On the Sublime, Translation, 20.
Lovell, John E. United States Speaker, 415.
- M.**
Mac Farlane, Charles, Romance of History, 107.
Machinery, Economy of, 24.
Maine, History of the State of, 1.
Martineau, Harriet, Brooke and Brooke Farm, 365.
Mason, Lowell, Collection of Church Music, 51.
Massachusetts, Journal of Convention for framing Constitution for, 189.
 ——— System of Pauperism in 377.
Maygrier, J. P. Anatomist's Manual, 411.
Medical Magazine, Monthly, 157.
Metcalf, Theron, Address to P. B. K. Brown University, 164.
Millennium, Treatise on the, 202.
Moore, Henry E., New Hampshire Collection of Church Music, 51.
Mosheim, Ecclesiastical History, Translation of, 111.
Murdock, James, Translation of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, 111.
Music, Church, New Hampshire Collection of, 51.
 ——— Union Collection of, 51.
- N.**
New Hampshire, Historical Society, Collections of, 54.
New Testament, New and Corrected Version of, 219.
New York, Tales concerning Early Settlement of, 275.
- O.**
Oregon, Account of a Journey to, 423.
Ossian, Poems of, 84.
- P.**
Park, Benjamin, Poem delivered at Washington College, 76.
Patton, R. B. Edition of Donnegan's Greek Lexicon, 37.
Pauper System, Report of Commissioners upon, in Massachusetts, 377.
Peabody, A. P., Address on Taxation, 247.
 ——— Wm. B. 'O. Sermon at the Annual Election, | Massachusetts, 313.
Peck, James H. (Judge) Trial of, 315.
Philosophy, Advancement of Experimental, 14.
Physiology, Human, 173.
Political Economy, 136, 365.
Psalms, newly paraphrased, 342.
- Q.**
Quincy, Josiah, Address at the Dedication of Dane Law College, 41.

R.

- Railroads*, Treatise on, 126.
Rantoul, Robert Jr., Address to Work-
 ingmen, 251.
Reid, John, *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*,
 82.
Robinson, Edward, *Calmet's Dictionary*
 of the Bible, Condensed &c., 89.
 ——— *Dictionary of the Bible*, 490.

S.

- Sanderson*, Life of, 37.
Sandford, Mrs. Woman in her Social
 and Domestic Character, 167.
School, *District*, as it was, 504.
Shepard, Thomas, *Autobiography* of,
 495.
Smith Eli, *Researches in Armenia*,
 349.
Spain, *Reminiscences* of, 466.
Spurzheim, Gaspar, *Funeral Oration*
 at the Burial of, 59.
Stansbury, Arthur J., *Report of Judge*
Peck, 315.
Story, Joseph, *Discourse at the Fu-*
neral of Professor Ashmun, 501.
Stuart, Moses, *Select Classics*, Vol. I.,
 280.

T.

- Taylor*, John, *Records of my Life*,
 327.
Tennessee, *University in*, 309.
Thatcher, B. B., *Indian Biography*,
 63.
Ticknor, George, *Lecture on Teach-*
ing the Living Languages, 373.
Toilette, of Health Beauty and Fash-
 ion, 507.
Tour in England, Ireland and France
 by a German Prince, 231.

Trollope, Mrs. *Refugee in America*,
 301.

Tytler, Patrick Fraser, *Discoveries on*
the Northern Coasts of America,
 437.

V.

Vangrifter, Z. P. *Sayings and Doings*
 at the Tremont House, 253.

W.

- Waldie*, Adam, *Select Circulating Li-*
brary, 405.
Walker, Timothy, *Address at Miami*
University, 78.
Walton, Izaak, *Lives of Donne*, *Wal-*
ton, *Hooker*, *Herbert and Sander-*
son, 30.
Watson, John F., *Historic Tales of*
Settlement of New York, 275.
Ware, Henry Jr. *Life of the Saviour*,
 255.
Westward Ho, a Tale, 55.
Williamson, Wm. D., *History of the*
State of Maine, 1.
Wilson, James, *Sketches of the Nat-*
ural History of the Northern Coasts
of America, 437.
Wood, Nicholas, *Treatise on Rail-*
roads, 126.
Worcester, Joseph E., *Edition of John-*
son's Dictionary as Improved by
Todd, &c., 216.
Wotton, Life of, 33.
Wyeth, John B., *Notes and Oral In-*
formation concerning a Journey to
Oregon, 423.

Z.

Zeuner, *American Harp*, 51.



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